San Francisco, November 29, 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper.

Volume XLIX Number 48

Tenderly.

DEAR LORD, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly today.
Weed their hearts of weariness
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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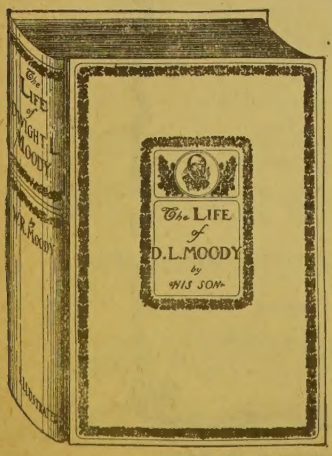

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, November 29, 1900

Disappointment

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet.

Frances Ridley Havergal

Last Sunday the Superintendent of a Sunday-school in a neighboring city gave the members of the school an opportunity to choose which of two Sunday-school papers it would use for the year 1901—The Wellspring or The Young People's Weekly. It is to be hoped that the vote, when it is taken next Sunday, will be in favor of the former. It is an excellent paper—surpassed by none. It is published by the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. The price is the same as that for The Young People's Weekly, which is also a first class Sunday-school paper. Nothing can be said against that publication. But our people should remember that our Sunday-school and Publishing Society is a great missionary agency. It spends thousands of dollars every year in establishing and maintaining Sunday-schools. Literature is donated to many of these schools, and to thousands of others unable to maintain themselves it is furnished at greatly reduced prices. Let there be loyalty to our own, in this as well as in all things else. He who does the best for his own church or denomination does the best for the kingdom of the Master.

There is a great deal of goodness and kindness in this selfish world. Now and then one meets men and women who will put themselves to much inconvenience to do some one a favor. Such an one recently brought to mind a notorious character of some years ago in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, who spent his last days in the Michigan state prison at Jackson. He was so accommodating that, if a neighbor went to him to borrow some farming implement which he did not have, he would say that he had it; that it was not at home, but would be the next day. That night he would start out and would steal one from some neighbor so as to be able to accommodate the one who wanted to borrow. Kindness so excessive finally landed him in the penitentiary. Doubtless, the modern medical science that pronounces insane such spendthrifts as Count de Castellane and Scott McKeown would also so class "old Sile Doty," whose mania for doing favors made him a noted character in the states named a quarter of a century or more ago.

The Supreme Court decision sustaining the Berkeley anti-saloon ordinance is one which will give satisfaction throughout the state. The people of California do not want saloons in proximity to their university, and everywhere has been the hope that the temperance people of Berkeley would win in the contest. It has been a hard fight; the right has triumphed. But the end is not yet. One of the most determined fights for the existence of the saloon ever waged on the Pacific coast is on. Every inch of ground will be contested. The temperance people have lost two or three cases prosecuted by them recently. But the winning of these will make the enemy no more determined. The saloon element is always just as determined in defeat as in victory. In Indiana that element has failed in sixteen attempts to return the saloons to a town from which they were banished three years ago. And now it enters on the seventeenth. If the temperance people of Berkeley began the fight against the saloon with the expectation that after they had won in an inning or two they would have an easy time they are certain to meet with disappointment.

Two Noteworthy Prayers.

All readers of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" remember the doctor's last journey, and the prayer that Drumseugh made when the old doctor asked, "Cud ye pit up a bit prayer, Patrick?" Drumsheugh wanted to send for the minister. But when MacLure said, "It's no time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel' —juist what's in your heart, Patrick; the Almighty'll ken the rest himsel'," Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with many pauses: "Almichty God, dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. Be kind tae him as he's been to us a' for forty year. We're sinners afore thee. Forgive him what he's dune wrang, and dinna cast it up tae him. Mind the fouk he's heepit, the weemen an' bairnies, an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needn't after a' his wark."

It was a good prayer; it was what William MacLure wanted and needed, for when it was finished he said his mither's prayer and soon fell asleep.

In later literature, in that popular book entitled "The Sky Pilot," we find a prayer worthy to rank along by that never-to-be-forgotten one in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." The Pilot had done his work well in that wild frontier region; he had won the hearts of even the roughest, and the day came when all his effort was to be crowned by the opening of a church building—an earnest of permanency. The people were there from near and from far, but the Pilot did not arrive. Finally a note was brought by an Indian boy which read: "Dear Bill: Go on with the opening. Sing the psalm —you know the one—and say a prayer, and oh,come to me quick, Bill. Your Pilot."

Praying, at least in public, wasn't at all in Bill's line. He tried to induce some one else to take this part of the program, but failing in this he said: "'Taint in my line. But the Pilot says there's got to be a prayer, and I'm going to stay with the game." After this explanation to the congregation he said, "Let's pray," and began with the apology, "God Almighty, I ain't no good at this, and perhaps you'll understand if I don't put things right." After a pause he continued, "What I want to say is, we're mighty glad about this church, which we know it's you and the Pilot that's worked it. And we're all glad to chip in." Then he paused, and started again: "But about the Pilot—I don't want to persoom—but if you don't mind, we'd like to have him stay—in fact, don't see how we kin do without him. Look at all the boys here; he's just getting his work in and is bringin' 'em right along; and God Almighty, if you take him away it might be a good thing for himself, but for us, oh, God,"—the voice quivered and was silent—but found strength at last for the "Amen."

Well may the author of "The Sky Pilot" say: "The Swan Creek church was opened. The form of service may not have been correct, but if great love counts for anything and appealing faith, then all that was necessary was done."

Nothing in these books made a greater impression upon the writer than these two prayers. Although from the pages of fiction, they are realistic—true to life. We need not enquire whether William MacLure, Drumsheugh, the Sky Pilot and Broncho Bill ever had actual existence; we know that such character exists, somewhere, and it beckons us all on to better things.

People often say, as Bronco Bill said, that praying isn't in their line, and like Drumsheugh they are ever ready to call on the minister when there is anything of that sort to be done. Are not God's words to all such, "It's no the time for that noo, an' a wud rather hae yersel'—juist what's in yir heart"? Love is all.

As it is with the human heart so is it with the divine. Holding up a little misshapen pincushion, a father said to those who laughed at it, "That is the roundest, the most perfect pincushion in all the world—it came from the loving heart and hands of my dear little daughter. It is a gift of love."

An Ancient Thanksgiving Day.

The roots of our national festival run far back into the past. It originated where so many other good ideas had their birth, in Hebrew legislation.

One of the three great feasts which every adult Jew was bound to observe, was the

Feast of "Tabernacles," so called from one feature of its celebration, or of "Ingathering"—from the season and occasion of its appointment. It occurred about the first of November and was enjointd in this wise: "Thou shalt keep the feast of tabernacles seven days, after that thou hast gathered in from thy threshing floor and from thy wine-press; and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy manservant, and thy maidservant, and the Levite, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are within thy gates." Its significance was twofold; as a memorial of their nomadic life after the deliverance from Egypt, and as a thanksgiving service for the ingathered crops. Its celebration included a week of interrupted joy and mirth, in which daily religious services, social feasting and nightly illuminations all had a part.

In order the better to carry out the intent of the festival the nation resolved itself into a grand camping party; houses were abandoned, booths or tents were set up in the streets, the open country, or on the roofs of houses, and there for the time they abode. Unlimited hospitality was the order of the day. No faithful Jew would feel at liberty to enjoy his own feast without inviting in his kindred and friends; more than this, without also sending a portion to them for whom nothing was prepared." To this feature of the festival their mode of life during those days would afford special facilities. Invitations could be given and accepted in an informal way, which would otherwise have been impracticable. And so we catch a glimpse of the large and generous spirit, the bright and joyous aspect of life in the Hebrew Commonwealth, very different from the common impressions regarding it, and very far in advance of any religion or civilization of those days. It is significant also that the Puritans of New England, hard and loveless though their type of religion has been deemed, incorporated precisely these features of thanksgiving, family reunions and hospitality into their one annual festival, whence it has spread all over the continent as the great American holiday.

Prayer is practicing the presence of God.

The Joy of Harvest.

It is first of all the joy of possession. Hope is the association of spring, growth the charm of summer, fruitage the glory of autumn; and in this last particular, and for California, the present season is peculiarly rich. The increase of the land is abundant in almost all those products upon which the prosperity of our state depends. Days of toilsome labor—pruning, plowing, planting, sowing—have preceded, days of watchful tending, lest the multiform pests, or exigencies of the season, should after all nullify the labor and disappoint the hopes. But all that is now past; the crops are garnered and anxiety has given place to the joy of assured possession.

It is the joy of merited reward also, the delight of one who has wrought something of himself into these possessions of his; who can look back over the busy planning and self-denying industry of months gone by, and behold, it all transfigured and glorified, in these kindly fruits. The price demanded does not seem excessive now that the rewards of the toil are in hand. One can talk of the dignity of labor, and enlarge upon the value of honest work in the production of manly character; can contrast his condition with that of a non-producer, and realize how little to his advantage were such bounty except as labor's crown. He can mark, what might have escaped him hitherto, how much of misery attends upon luxury, how the lack of obvious need makes work irksome, and idleness breeds wearisome disgust. So may he become genuinely grateful for the heritage of toil.

This is indeed another characteristic of the true joy of harvest—it is thankful. It recognizes God as the ultimate source of all those wondrous transformations by which the planted seed has multiplied into the ripened fruits. The planting and the sowing have been the work of man, but the sunshine and the rain and all the increase is from the Lord.

There is thus a peculiar and beautiful fitness in the practice which has grown up of bringing up these fruits of co-operative industry to the house of the Lord on the festal day, and making him thus a sharer in the common joy; helpful also for the recognition of the sacredness of all God's good gifts, often overlooked,

amid the rough and careless handling to which many of these fruits of the earth are subjected; hustled from the field, tumbled into bins, heaped up in the markets, shoveled about in trade, fed to stock or prepared for the table. It is a good business which can be thus represented; every individual fruit or flower showing as a positive increase to the wealth of the world. Would that it might be equally congruous to deal thus with all the treasures which men gathered to themselves in business! Strangely out of place would some of these appear as a harvest offering to the loving Heavenly Father! Would it not be a good test, honestly to apply to all our engagements; to resolve to make nothing, acquire nothing, sell nothing, which cannot in good faith be brought before God and his blessing on it invoked?

Let us emphasize that last thought a little more. The joy of harvest is a joy *with* God. He enters into is as a partner. It seems not too much to claim that these kindly fruits of the earth are an exuberant joy to God himself. The sight of them affords him positive pleasure. Can we doubt this, when we recall the overflowing delight in which he utters his "Very good" in the creative days? The gifts of nature are not thrown out of his abundance without thought or care or personal interests. They share his life. They carry with them a part of himself. How gladly then must he meet the upturned eye of filial love, and note the grateful recognition of his share in the blessed partnership.

This then we mark as peculiarly the joy of harvest; that in it the Creator and the creature the Father and the Child look into each other's face, and see the same happiness reflected from both. Each feast of ingathering becomes another bond of union, the festivities of our homes being filled out in the joy of heaven, and our earthly praise caught up, and rolled on in the echoes of the angels' song.

Spiritual Equivalents of the Joy of Harvest

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews seems to have anticipated one of the principles of modern science, in his insistence upon the closeness of the tie which binds together earth and heaven. This world, with its furnishings, he declares, is "the copy and shadow of the things in the heavens"; so that what is here revealed to sense has its counterpart in spiritual realities.

Approaching our subject from this side, we may trace one great law of growth and progress operating in the sphere of matter and of spirit. In both, the harvest joy stands as the culmination of a process of life. The perfected fruit shows what God's idea is. He gives life, all life, in the germ. It is only in the final processes that his thought is fully realized. "We sow not that body which shall be but a bare grain," and "God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him."

The new life in Jesus Christ obeys this law. All seasons are represented in it; there is always fresh life and growth for the Child of God; and every season has its own peculiar charm. But it is only when love has been wrought into ripened character that the Christian man really possesses the fullness of his inheritance. All along, from the beginning, there has been the promise and potency of the completed life, but the harvest joy is that of ripened graces and actual possession.

In this respect, also, there is a correspondence that the ripened fruit of the Spirit comes as the guerdon of toil. They ring like an orchestral peal, those words of the apostle telling how even the Master was made perfect by suffering, and for the joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despising the shame. They declare the same truth which these harvest scenes also symbolize. Benefactors of their race must be content to work on ground, rough and rocky, often burnt over and fiery with suffering. They must develop virtues by methods similar to those by which our orchardists improve the quality or size or productiveness of their fruits. A very commonplace virtue, like brotherly kindness, if cultivated with painstaking care and by the use of the aids at one's command, may come to a beauty, a fragrance and a flavor as far superior to the germinal grace as a Baldwin apple is to a sour crab. In both, too, the result may be a permanent improvement in stock, an accession to the riches of the world, a more truthful revelation of the mind of God, and of his ideal of manhood, each succeeding genera-

tion being able thus to begin the life of the Spirit on a higher level, and with more inspiring ideals to draw them onward and upward toward the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

This is a work, too, in which God and man are co-laborers. Man cannot, it is true, bring any of the fruits of the Spirit to perfection without divine co-operation. But neither can God. Reverently, it may be said that God alone cannot make the ideal man or ideal society. It is not an object of divine power alone and by itself. The limitation is in the idea, which of necessity involves co-operation. The ideal manhood is the product of man, freely working out salvation, and God freely working in him to will and to do. It is the law of the Spirit as a part of universal law. Up, therefore, from ourselves, how manysoever or how few our attainments, our hearts may rise in grateful praise, while, with renewed fidelity we bend ourselves to the task of growing in grace and in the knowledge of God, our Savior. For—

> We ourselves are God's own field,
> Fruit unto his praise to yield:
> Fruit and tares together sown,
> Unto joy or sorrow grown;
> First the blade and then the ear,
> Then the full corn shall appear.
> Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
> Wholesome grain and pure may be.

The Bystander.

The Argonaut of the city has made an extended and pointed reply to the comments made in these columns upon the Argonaut's assault upon John Ruskin as an art critic. One would suppose, after a careful reading of this article, that the Argonaut enjoys a monopoly of a knowledge of artists and art critics. However, we are referred to W. J. Stillman, artist, and advised to read the memoirs of "men like Sir John Millais, Holman Hunt, Sir. E. Burne-Jones and W. P. Frith," who are claimed as witnesses in support of the Argonaut's position.

While we are engaged in looking up these gentlemen the Argonaut could spend its time in reading the favorable opinions of such authorities as George Eliot, who venerates him as "one of the great teachers of the day," Justin McCarthy, who says, "No man since Wordsworth's brightest days did half so much to teach his countrymen, and those who speak his language, to appreciate that silent nature which never did betray the heart that loved her." The Argonaut pokes fun at his books, but Stopford Brooke writes: "He has created a new literature, that of art—and all the subjects related to it and the work he has done has more genius and is more original than any other prose work of our time." The Argonaut is referred to Goethe and Sir John Lubbock for Ruskin estimates, and to Carlyle, who wrote to Emerson: "There is nothing going on among us as notable as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy around him."

As to the testimony of the artists, there is no doubt that many, especially those who have not been covered with Ruskin banquets, do not agree with all that Ruskin has said, especially Sir John Millais, who stole Ruskin's wife! Critics, as a rule, have critics on their tracks, and Ruskin is not an exception, but this does not change the fact that "he is the greatest art critic England has produced." If he is not, who is?

When a man like Stillman says "his art criticism is radically and irretrievably wrong," we begin to suspect the judgment of even so distinguished a contemporary, and to wonder if the scores of institutions throughout the world, thousands of art students and critics and students of art everywhere who use the "modern painters" as a text book, are all wrong. To say that "art in certain forms touches him profoundly but only emotionally" is not only a contradictory statement, but a criticism which is denied both by the works and temperament of Ruskin.

Ruskin is unfortunate in having published so much of his writing, and it is true that some of his works will never be generally read. Neither is the Bible, nor Webster's Dictionary, nor "Paradise Lost." Ruskin as a critic is not a fault-finder whose printed squibs in the morning paper, damn or praise the passing show; who stands before a new picture with the supercilious air of a pretended connoisseur only to write perfumed words of first impressions or find superficial fault about a subject of which he is absolutely ignorant.

Ruskin had a genius for truth in its appreciation to life and he has made the masters speak with a fresh and inspiring meaning. In his criticism is a standard of life. It is this combination of a true theory of life and a large and sane view of art that has made him the greatest of art critics.

It is a well-known fact that "modern painting is the result of Ruskin's defense of Turner, in whose genius be had confidence and whose works he has helped to immortalize. The first volume of "Modern Painters" appeared in 1843. Ruskin was barely twenty-

three years of age. The older and more conventional standards of Claude and Poussin obtained and Ruskin followed the larger calibre of Turner into the art world and defended and interpreted him in a manner which made the artist the greatest creative imaginator of his times, and Ruskin the most notable critic. The critics of the older school did not understand Turner, therefore they did not comprehend the man who did understandTurner.

And who was this brilliant young Oxford graduate, who with his artist-hero began a new era in English landscape painting? He was a child of nature, who loved his native hills, and before the age of sixteen had studied many of the masters, and journeyed through Germany and over the Alps into Italy. He had as his examples and teachers Pront, Turner, Fielding, and later, Harding.

Stillman must be set down with the "honest, hopeless, helpless imbecility" if he supposes Ruskin's fidelity to nature was that of the camera. Great art as he defined it, is that which contains the greatest number of the greatest ideas. Nothing could be farther from the truth than to affirm that Ruskin's idea of perfect art is simple imitation. It is precisely this which he constantly contradicts. "The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination, all its materials being wrought into their form by invention." "Great landscape art cannot be a copy of any given scene." But it has not been the purpose of this article to enter upon an analysis of "Modern Painters," a work superior to "The Stones of Venice" and "Seven Songs of Architecture." It is enough to say that his skill in drawing and composition has been likened to that of Tintoretto, and that he is not less skillful in drawing than in criticizing the work of others. The great fact in Ruskin's art criticisms has already been hinted at, viz., the influence of life upon art, and art upon life. A new school rejects this influence, and in rejecting it, eliminates the true philosophy of art. Ruskin makes character and creation inseparable, and declares that one of the functions of the fine arts is that "of perfecting the morality or ethical state of man."

Says the Argonaut: "It is our belief that very few people who talk about him have ever read him. It is our further belief that very few people can read him." Whatever else the Argonaut has said on John Ruskin the above sentences appear to come from actual experience. Perhaps the Argonaut knows more about this part of the subject than anybody else!

No one is ever entirely understood.

Power of Example.

BELLE W. COOKE.

A little plant rising from the muck and wire grows days and days, yes, sometimes years, spreading its leaves abroad, drawing its nourishment from earth, and air, and sky, all to perfect a pure and tender flower, the glory of which lasts, it may be, but a few short hours, then passes away forever, leaving only a tiny seed which may produce its like again in some happy future time.

So, in humble homes, lives may arise from lowly, impure surroundings, growing for years ever toward some supreme hour of heroic action and self-sacrifice, some flower of life, which fades and falls quickly away, leaving but a memory, which is the pregnant seed that will continue to reproduce its like as long as the earth endures.

San Francisco.

The next international convention of the Epworth League will be held in San Francisco, July 21, 1901. A great assemblage is expected. The California Christian Advocate says: "The Christian Endeavor Convention of 1897 was memorable. It did more to change public sentiment in favor of Christianity in California than anything that had occurred up to that time. The great convention of young, vigorous Christians prepared the way for the Epworth League Convention. It waked up California to the power, enthusiasm and helpfulness and hopefulness of the gospel. It has been easier to do Christian work ever since." The Advocate urges the Leagues to begin preparation at once for the convention. "Ten thousand Leaguers at least from California," is its cry.

For some time the Armenian brethren in Fresno have been moving in the matter of organizing a Congregational church. There are some 2,000 Armenians in that city and the number is constantly increasing. A Presbyterian organization already exists, but in the opinion of many there is need of another church. A representative council of Congregational churches met in Fresno Nov. 16th and gave the following as the result of its deliberations: "After careful and prayerful consideration we heartily favor the organization of an Armenian Congregational church in Fresno, but advise the brethren to wait for final organization until the whole matter has been referred to the Comity Committee of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches and their decision has been received."

"Not alone, because the Father is with me."

Gregory, the Great.

MUSIC AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY REV. ARTHUR W. ACKERMAN.

The story of mankind is a history of narrow escapes. The great marvel in the present condition of the race is that it has been able to maintain itself having so often grazed the edge of destruction. But the marvel is no miracle, for no crisis ever menaces human welfare that does not call forth some man or men, who, however bunglingly, got the ship into calmer waters. Burke observed that when a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men are fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings draw that way, while those who oppose this new current of affairs will appear to be resisting the decrees of Providence. Carlyle remarked that "a king or a leader all bodies of men must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there, who by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man walks there among the rest." Plato, provoked by the corruption of the Greek cities, wrought out his republic on the principle that if a multitude cannot be brought to know and serve holiness itself, it is well for them to do it at second hand by obeying holy men.

In the middle of the sixth century human society came to a crisis; the minds of the people had been prepared for a great change; there was one man walking there among the rest, who, by character, faculty and position, was fittest to meet the needs of the time and he met them by winning the obedience of the multitude to the demands of holiness. The story of his life is the history of his time. In him are personified the weakness and strength, the superstition and faith of his day. He stands forth as a repairer of the breach, a mender of torn states, a savior of society. Order sprang from his touch, disorder and ruin received their claims at his hands. If the great Corsican could say, "I am the State," Gregory the Great could say, "I am the Age."

For nearly three hundred years Christianity had been the religion of the state and the army, courtiers said Christian prayers and soldiers fought under the cross as a standard. For more than a hundred years the supremacy of the Roman Bishop over all other bishops had been claimed and conceded by many and had received the partial support of the state. The times were ripening for the church to assume political power, not alone because of ambition but from necessity. Constantine the Great, made Christianity the state religion; Leo the Great founded the Papacy; Gregory the Great laid the corner-stone of the Holy Roman Empire. And all this was possible because the Empire was crumbling, because the best statesmen of the time were churchmen, because they used the blows which dealt ruin to the Empire as hammers to drive nails in their ecclesiastical ark; because they dared to take the sceptres that fell from the trembling hands of governors, generals and Emperors, and because, while the state officials entrenched themselves in impregnable fortresses the Bishops were everywhere, defending cities, conducting services, protecting and heartening the people. The Roman Catholic church demonstrated its right, in those early years, to be entrusted with the conduct of affairs.

The two centuries separating Ambrose and Gregory is a dark period of the world's history. Ambrose had been dead only six years when the Goths appeared before Milan and within a half-century Christian Italy was devastated first by the Goths, then by Huns and once again by the Vandals, who ravaged the country, destroyed cities, pillaged Rome four times and reduced the people to beggary. These successive waves of paganism were followed, before the century closed, by a conquering horde of Germans and Rome became a mere province of the Empire. As the sixth century drew to its close the Lombards crossed the border and threw the people into convulsions of terror. They spared nothing; but burned churches, laid waste monasteries and killed priests with the same unconcern as they devastated farms and depopulated cities. The land was a solitude; wild beasts roamed in the fields that once sang with the joy of harvest. They swept south until a leader rode his horse into the sea, touched with his sword a pillar that stood in the waves, and said, "Thus far shall the dominion of the Lombards extend." It was a riotous world with fire and sword, pillage and famine playing tag and dancing wildly in sunny Italy. The hearts of men grew fearful, while the women, widowed and orphaned, looked for the end of the world and the day of Judgment.

Now Gregory was twenty-eight years old when the Lombards began their work of devastation. He had observed the misery of his country, the sinfulness of the world and the fleeting character of wealth. His birth and training predisposed him to a religious life. He was a "saint brought up among saints." When a mere boy he saw his mother kissing the hand of a bishop, holding out his hand he said, "Kiss my hand also for I shall be a bishop." At his father's death he inherited immense wealth, but he used it to build six monasteries in Sicily and one in Rome on the site of his old home. He was educated for the legal profession and at the age of thirty became a magistrate in Rome. He soon became disgusted with the luxury and ambition of his office, gave his costly robes, silk, gold, jewels and

furniture to the poor, entered the monastery which he had built in the city, and, taking the lowest place in the order, passed his time in prayer, reading, writing and ministrations to the poor. His abstinence was so severe that it was thought that he was sustained miraculously, his brothers were compelled to force him to eat and his health was permanently impaired. At the age of thirty-nine he reluctantly accepted the position of abbot of the monastery and became relentless in his discipline and even cruel in his punishments. But his life was blameless, a mission to Constantinople revealed the statesman in him, a debate with the highest authority in the Eastern church revealed his mastery of learning, while his commentary on Job, which was read in the churches, gave him a reputation as a theologian, and he was therefore very popular.

When he was in the market place one day he saw some fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked boys who were to be sold as slaves. He learned that they were pagans from Britain. "Of what nation are they?" he asked. "Angles," was the reply. "Not Angles, but Angels," he said. He gained the unwilling consent of the Pope to take the gospel to these beautiful people and had traveled three days on the journey when the people rose in remonstrance and compelled the Pope to recall him. Reaching the city he found everything in disorder. The Lombards were threatening the province and shortly advanced upon the city. The civil authorities were powerless, the Emperor ignored their appeals and the multitude were in a panic. Then the Tiber overflowed its banks, the granaries of corn were swept away, an awful pestilence broke out and early carried off the Pope. The city turned as one man to Gregory and proclaimed him Pope. He remonstrater, appealed to the Emperor, hid himself, but he was discovered, dragged from his hiding place, hurried to St. Peter's and compelled to submit to consecration. Milman says, "Monasticism ascended the Papal throne in the person of Gregory." He never ceased to be a monk; he continually sighed for the quiet of the cloister; he found his chief delight in the contemplation of death as an entrance into life. But he stood forth there in the midst of his disordered world recognized by the people as the fittest man to lead them out of their troubles.

To the task which was his by such clear revelation he brought all his powers of heart, mind and influence. Rome had stood for organized force and the unity of mankind, but he faced a world in which men called themselves, not Romans, but Greeks, Goths, Sueves, Burgundians, Vandalls, Lombards, while on the northern horizon were Franks, Britons, Saxons and Germans. The only power that had not been crippled in the disasters of the times was the church, and in the church Gregory saw a new unity of the race. He threw off his dreams of a monkish solitude, plunged into life and turned the face of humanity from the wildernesses of barbarism to the fair fields of civilization.

He first touched the hearts of men and won the title "Savior of Rome." By wise and timely provision, which the civil authorities could not command he saved the people from the horrors of famine. The estates of the church, made rich by the gifts of Gregory, supplied food for the multitude. His philanthropy was reduced to a system. On the first day of the month there was a general distribution to the poor; the sick were sought out by careful and thorough visitation; before he sat down to his meal a portion was taken from the table to the hungry at the door; and one day when he learned that a man had died unrelieved he condemned himself to hard penance for the guilt of neglect as steward of the divine bounty. At the same time he sought to bring quietness and peace out of the distractions and horrors of war. "For seven and twenty years," he writes, "we have lived in this city in terror of the swords of the Lombards." "On all sides we are girt with war; everywhere is the imminent peril of death. Some return to us with their hands chopped off, some are reported as captives, others as slain." "My harp is turned to mourning and my speech to them that weep." He made peace with one chieftain and when the main army appeared at the gates he abruptly left the pulpit where he was preaching and went from garrison to garrison encouraging and protecting the people of every rank. He assumed the responsibility of negotiating a peace with the Lombards without consulting the Emperor and for pay he received the contempt and jealousy of the civil authorities. The Emperor called him a fool in plain terms for being imposed upon, but he answered, "A fool indeed I am to suffer, as I do, among the swords of the Lombards." And thus he became, to the people, the real power in temporal affairs, and, at times, he was led to welcome even crime itself, of which another was guilty, if he thought it furthered the cause which he had at heart.

For at the bottom of all his activity was the one ideal which some have said was the only ideal that he ever caught sight of—the unity of the Roman Church which would make of it the universal or Catholic Church. Who will deny that if the Church was to become the factor in the unity of mankind it must be itself united? And so he sought the peace of the Spanish churches, which had been passing through an awful experience and bound them to the Catholic faith; he carried on a friendly

correspondence with Queen Theodelinda, the wife of the ferocious Lombard king, and after many years the Lombards became orthodox, stolen wealth was restored to the church and the fierce Longbeards became the protectors of Rome against Constantinople. He supported a mission to England, assisted Bertha, the Christian wife of the greatest Saxon king, Ethelbert, and drew the English churches into the circle of power that was exerted by Rome. He even sought to win the Jews by protecting the synagogues that were in existence and by offering to lower the rents of those who lived in church property if they would become Christians. And through it all he deprecated harsh measures, condemned force and relied upon the conviction that followed the preaching of the truth.

But the unity of the church depended on an organized hierarchy. The barbarians saw Gregory sitting in the seat of the Caesars and they expected that he would assume the authority of the Caesars at least in religious affairs. As Christians, they were taught that the Roman Bishop was the successor of Peter and the moral ascendency and authority of such an official was freely granted. Was the Church of Rome not the mother of many of these churches which had been founded by its missions? Had not its advice been frequently sought and accepted with reverence? Had it not been distinguished as final court of appeal by the decrees of council and emperor? It is not strange then that Gregory, the popular and favored Bishop of Rome, should further organize the affairs of the church, that he should degrade unworthy offices, punish offenders, and regulate distant and weak churches and provinces. In the administration of the property of the church he gave the strictest attention to the smallest details, seeking the welfare of the farmer and the just rights of the laborer as the basis of future wealth and insisting that the revenues of the church must not be defiled by sordid gain. In the support of his own position he vigorously attacked the Bishop of Constantinople, who had taken the title "Universal Patriarch," which Gregory called a blasphemous name, a sign of the coming of anti-Christ, manifesting the spirit of "Satan who aspired to be higher than the angels." By way of contrast he assumed the title "Servant of servants of God," which every Pope since then has taken. And while he did not gain all he sought by the controversy, by common consent it established him as head of the Western Church.

To accomplish this unity he used all means that were at his hand. He exalted the priest by teaching that celibacy was the perfection of human nature; he played upon the credulity of the people by the use of the relics of saints and martyrs and encouraging the belief in miracles performed by them; he appealed to the natural superstitions of mankind by surrounding men with angels and devils; he terrified the church with visions of the approaching end of the world; he portrayed a sensuous heaven, an exaggerated, material hell, and a purgatory which was a modified form of that which Augustine had invented, all of which for good or ill was under the control of the church. And with these, with a wisdom that proves his greatness, he coupled an internal consolidation. He perfected a ritual for the worship of God's house, inaugurated splendid pageants in connection with the service at Rome. The people flocked to witness the sight and then began to copy these religious processions in the humbler cities, and long before any service became compulsory it was practicly uniform in the West.

Now the heart and soul of this new service was the music. It had dawned upon Gregory that music had binding qualities, that it spoke a language that was universal, that the church would more surely be one if it sang the same songs to the same music. He discovered that the churches were either not singing or singing different songs and wherever he found the Ambrosian music used, it had lost its old-time dignity and purity. He collected the services of the churches, compared them, worked out of them a service that was better than any of them. He brought church music a step onward. Ambrose had used music as a defence against heresy, Gregory used it to unify the Church; the Ambrosian music was a war-cry, the Gregorian is pervaded with the calm and solemnity of worship. The Ambrosian chant was full of life and tumult, the Gregorian chant was measured—all the notes being of the same length—and grave, almost always being in the minor key.

To this new task he gave the same careful attention to details that had characterized his work in other departments of endeavor. In fact, that is the supreme lesson of the man's life; he did what he had to do with all his might. Because of wars and invasions the country was full of orphans whom the churches gathered, nurtured and educated. Singing classes were organized in the orphanages in Rome; then special singing schools were formed. As these multiplied there grew up a class of teachers who received special training and were sent out into the provinces to teach the new music. And thus the stamp of the Roman ritual was placed on the churches of the West. It was no small matter of inspiration that the lonely priest in the wilds of Germany or the vales of France knew that while he was singing the solemn chants of the service there was rising from all over Europe

the same uplifting worship, while in St. Peter's at Rome his ordinary and scanty choir music was swelling into the magnificence of the triumphal chorus of the ever-conquering church of Jesus, the Christ. And Gregory saw the value of it and spared no pains to increase its power. He found time amid the duties of his crowded day to teach in the singing schools himself and thus he added the dignity of the church's greatest Bishop to the work. The couch upon which he reclined as he was teaching and the rod he used were preserved for many years.

Now what this did for the Church may be readily seen, but the incidental service in enriching life was possibly no less notable. For during the pontificate of Gregory the common notation by the first seven letters of the alphabet, in use today, was developed, the scope of music was doubled, and in tearing music away from every heathen association, that there might be a definite church music, the old shackles of ancient poetry were shattered and a new epoch had opened for this greatest of all arts. And when the final judgment is given upon the varied contributions of this man to the world it shall be found that nothing he ever did has exceeded this use of music to make the churches of Christ one in spirit and life. Who cares to hope for a political church unity? Have not the Church and the State discovered their special spheres of action? Who dares to hope for the union of Christendom on the basis of creed? If so, whose creed? And as for a central authority, the dearest idol in Gregory's heart, who prays for it or even dreams of it? Has it not been doomed these four hundred years? And while a universal ritual is beyond our hope, yet our hearts are drawn together when we sing the same songs. We stop not to ask the faith of the author of our hymns. In this book which we use are hymns written by Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, and probably those of other denominations. Here then is common ground for all, a spot amid the strife where we can all join in the praises of common Savior, pour out our confessions and sympathize with each other's trials. For such unity as this our Congregational churches stand. In our own Church government we demand freedom from civil interference; we will tolerate no ecclesiastical authority; we reduce creed to its minimum of essentials and from the time of the Boston Council of 1648 we have deemed the smallest amount of faith sufficient for admission into our churches. In the midst of our distracting church differences we plead with all men to unite in a fellowship that shall have the Cross of Christ for its central figure, the service of our fellow-men for its bond of union, the culture of Christian manhood for its aim and a redeemed world for its goal. We do not ask that all shall think alike, but we demand in the name of Christ that there shall be charity in differences, and that every man shall have the privilege to exercise his highest right—to do all the good he can. Such unity of spirit and life is fostered by the common songs of Christendom and loyalty to such principles will be found to be loyalty to Christ our Lord.

Sincerity in the Teacher.

BY REV. GEORGE C. ADAMS.

The writer of this was a trustee of Illinois College when William Jennings Bryan graduated, and heard his address, which was a good one. Years later, on a train in Wyoming, Mr. Bryan sat down and spent an hour or two in conversation with him, when many subjects were touched upon. It was not long after his first defeat in the race for the Presidency. He had borne it like a man, and was preparing to try it again. The most noticeable thing developed by the conversation was the fact that in his eagerness to succeed Mr. Bryan, while intending to be perfectly honest and fair, was biased in many of his opinions; instead of seeking to know what was right, his inquiry seemed to be, What will win? Among other topics we touched upon colleges, and attention was called to the great good accomplished by such colleges as his alma mater. Mr. Bryan responded, "Yes, these denominational colleges have done a great deal of good; but the older I grow the more I feel that the state university is the proper thing." Being asked why, he said: "Well, you see, in these small colleges they can teach just what they please; but the state university can be compelled to teach what the majority of the people of the state believe." It was a rather startling announcement, and has remained in the mind of his listener. The only inference possible at the time was that state universities in these Rocky Mountain states could be compelled to teach free silver, and train up a generation of young people favorable to that side of great financial questions. But the larger question involved is the integrity of the teacher. Instruction according to the will of the majority can never be favorable to that absolute sincerity that is the charm of the real teacher. The fact that majority instruction was demanded would inevitably turn the minds of men and women of anything but the strictest integrity, and lead them to sacrifice, as Mr. Bryan was sacrificing, truth to position; the great desideratum would be to "get there," and otherwise good people would be influenced in spite of themselves. It was once said of a young man that he would not marry a girl for her

money, but it was highly probable the one he married would have money, and she did.

The teacher should be above all else a seeker after truth; he ought to be an enthusiast in his search. He may be a great many things that are not pleasant to many, but if he is a sincere and indefatigable worker in his chosen profession, with a single eye to what is true, a great deal can be forgiven him. Of course such a teacher will not be conventional; he is likely to have many unpleasant epithets hurled at him; he may get the reputation of being heretical and iconoclastic and all the rest; but what teacher in history who has brought new truth to light has ever escaped those epithets? When we think what some suffered in the last generation, whose names now are household words, and whose opinions are regarded as the very meat of orthodoxy, we can afford to be charitable. In no place does this apply more fully than in the study of the Bible. The greatest calamity that can happen to t
at any time is to make of it a fetish, to be worshiped but not inquired into; the greatest good that can be done the Bible is to put it under the most searching and scholarly criticism. If the majority of Christians were decided about it we may well believe it would never be touched; it would not have been revised; but scholarly work made its revision imperative, and the question what the majority thought about it was not the great question at all. Scholarly work is still being done upon it, and is to be done more and more. Our ideas about the Bible are undergoing change, but the foundations of our faith are not being touched.

But how are we going to know what is true? In the same way that the canon of Scripture was made up: by discussion, and interchange of thought, until it is pretty thoroughly settled. In the end a majority of students will settle such a question, but it can only be settled on the basis of the truth and good sense that is in it. Patience, and faith and study will get at the true in the end; but haste and lack of charity will never do it. Every infidel attack in the past has brought forth an answer from some giant in the Kingdom of God, and in most cases the infidel statement is made immortal only by the answer. Every false position taken by a student is quickly assailed by some other student, and when the battle has been fought out something definite has been accomplished in the search for truth. Give the teacher every opportunity to be absolutely sincere; put no trammels on him; let him answer out of a good conscience. It is unfortunate for any institution when changes have to be made, if they seem to the public to be in favor of some line of thought or action. The mass of people in their secret hearts do not agree with Mr. Bryan's position on this question, and yet if they were to decide what shall be taught in any institution, it would be a decision of a mass swayed by their passions, with their opinions formed almost entirely by a partisan press, and their votes cast along party lines. Give us teachers who sincerely believe what they teach, and who are willing to sacrifice all for truth, and it will go a long way toward building up a powerful manhood for the future.

Revival Among Soldiers at San Francisco.

PERMANENT WORK ESTABLISHED.

At the request of army officers, the State Executive Committee of the Y. M. C. A. reopened Association work among the soldiers at the Presidio in September. The Committee employed Mr. E. D. Nicholls, a man well adapted to the work, and as assistant, J. D. Van Etten. The Secretaries have co-operated with Post Chaplain Potter, supplementing rather than supplanting his work.

1. The Field.—There have been in camp on an average about 1,000 regulars, also from 300 to 600 casuals (recruits from all over the country on their way to Manila to fill up regiments.) In the two hospitals some 500 men sick, sent from China and Manila, also a convalescent company of 100 to 200. Add to these clerks in offices, and we have upwards of 2,000 young men, a large portion of them not over eighteen to twenty-three years of age.

2. Character of Work.—(a) Systematic visitation of hospitals, casual camp and regular barracks. In this visitation good literature is distributed, writing material furnished, letters written for sick boys, and many are glad to talk of spiritual things. A good many in the hospitals, knowing that they have not long to live, seek counsel along religious lines.

(b) Religious meetings. Each Sunday morning song and gospel service is held in the hospital and every night evangelistic services are held in the chapel. These have been well attended owing to the personal influence which the two secretaries have acquired among the boys in their contact with them. They are recognized by all the boys as "friends."

(c) Certain hours each day are given to personal interviews with men who have expressed their purpose or wish to enter the Christian life. In this way the resolves made at the night services are clinched and the men instructed in the fundamental truths of the gospel.

3. Results.—First, Better class of men are brought together, strengthened and encour-

aged to stand by their convictions. To the new men the dangers of the camp life are pointed out, and they are guarded against entering into temptations.

Second. During the past two months more than one hundred boys have for the first time taken their stand as Christians. These with the first class mentioned are brought together and thus aided to live better lives.

Third. Scores of these men have, before sailing, written letters home telling of new purpose in their lives and promised parents to be loyal Christian men.

Fourth. Many have agreed to give up drink and other vicious habits.

Fifth. Best of all has been the group of men numbering from fifty to seventy on each of the outgoing transports who have agreed to stand for clean living while in the army, and also to keep up a daily song and prayer service during their voyage to Manila. Such a work ought to have the support of all good citizens.

4. Permanency.—So well pleased are the officers in command at the Presidio that a seven-room two-story building is now being repaired and painted and will be furnished especially for this work. Eearly in January regiments will begin to return from Manila and the Army Department of the California Y. M. C. A. will have many thousands of young men within its influence during the coming months.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Quarterly Meeting.

The all-day Quarterly Meeting of the W. B. M. P. will be held at Pilgrim church, East Oakland, December 5th, beginning at 10:15 promptly. An interesting program has been prepared. The opening devotional exercise will be made a memorial of the martyred Chinese missionaries. It is hoped that two or three returned missionaries will address the meeting and Dr. A. P. Peck will give some words of farewell. Dr. Peck expects to sail for China the day following the meeting. A lunch, at fifteen cents a plate, will be served by the ladies of the church.

The Zulu Mission.

A few months ago a short account of the Ireland Home appeared in this column. It was written with the hope of arousing more interest in this home-school for girls, which is situated at Amanzimtoti, in the Zulu mission. For more than two years requests have come from this far-away station for a new building for the Ireland Home, the old one being so damp as to be positively dangerous to live in; successive inmates having been obliged to leave their work for a long time in search of the health lost by continual residence in this old building. Putting aside the question of right and wrong, is it true economy to keep men and women in a place which so affects their health that they must stop their work indefinitely or permanently while they go somewhere to try to recover?

We are glad to note that the sum of fifty dollars was sent to our Treasurer in response to the first appeal for help. Are there not many more who, while reading the following extracts from Mr. Bunker's letter, will feel moved to give large or small sums at once to make up the five thousand dollars needed to put up this building? And feeling so help them on their errand of healing?

* * *

My Dear Friends: Looking down across our 'Garden of Eden,' there, low down under those tall eucalyptus trees, its white walls and thatched roof showing above the green bank, but its foundations out of sight behind it, lies Ireland Home, which I wish to make the subject of this letter.

For long the home of missionaries, especially of the Ireland family, it has, since 1894, been sheltering those dusky maidens whom you may see flitting to and fro around it in such numbers. It is a house of refuge, a school, a home and a temple of the Most High God. It is not beautiful to look at nor beautiful to be in, but the beautiful spirit of Christ's love reigns in it and lives are beautified by abiding in it. It is a part of God's answer to Ethiopia when she stretches out her hands in supplication to him. It is a door of hope opened to a better life for all the daughters of Ethiopia in this region who flee from the old life. Ready at the door stand God's redeemed white daughters to give his welcome to the fleeing one and with hands and hearts, Spirit-moved, to serve in reclaiming and upbuilding the new life for his glory.

Seen from the place where we sit it looks like a busy hive of industry. Here are girls passing on their way to the spring far up on the hill. Large buckets are on their heads and soon you will see them coming down with them full of water ,carried with the strength of an athlete and the skill of a juggler. * * * Down in the garden to the right is a company planting sweet potatoes. Corn, beans, pumpkins and some unpronounceable native vegetables are cultivated there also. At certain times we will see a long line of girls in single file passing, carrying huge bundles of wood on their heads, which they have gathered, piece by piece, in the bush. Around the

house are girls breaking up the wood for burning. There are two grinding the corn in a hand-mill under that reed shed and outside are two others who are making 'stamp' (homing) in a large, wooden mortar with heavy woden pestles. Out there on the grass in the sun is a small group wrapped in blankets. They are in the 'hospital' and are taking a sun bath this fair morning. * * * Now let us draw near and view the work at closer range. We pass * * * down a sharp descent of five steps to the back verandah of the Home. Why the house was built down here is beyond my understanding. * Maybe it was * to be sure of a strong foundation. But it was a miscalculation, for the water now soaks through the cement floor and renders the living rooms of the white teachers uninhabitable in the wet season and not healthful at any season. * Let us turn in at this first door. Ah, here, as I thought, we find the lady teachers in the sewing-room. I will introduce you. Mrs. Dorward, ex-principal of the Home, relieved at the last Annual Meeting that she might 'rest,' sits there at the table cutting out dresses as hard as ever. After Mrs. Ireland's departure to America in 1897, owing to failing health, Mrs. Dorward took the care of the Home on her hands and into her heart and though in poor health, bore the burden bravely and is still at work as she is able. Miss Mellen, sitting at the sewing machine in the corner, was appointed principal in June, 1899, and herheart is already deeply enlisted in the work. There sits Miss Ireland, needle in hand, who assisted her mother and has been five years in the school. If her needle could keep pace with her love, every Zulu girl would be 'clothed and in her right mind.' This trio of God's daughters are bound together in a common love for God and for these children of his. They look up and greet us and then turn to their work again as we talk together. Time must be redeemed if from forty to sixty girls are to have dresses. * As we sit talking to the ladies the two native teachers come up, one to ask about the work for her girls, the others to bring a girl who has stuck a sickle into her leg. These teachers are Katie and Nomdayi, both of whom live at Amanzimtoti. Both of these teachers are deeply interested in the welfare of the girls and enter fully into the spirit of the school. Quiet, personal work is going on all the time in the school through these teachers

Now the conversation turns to Mrs. Ireland and Nyumbazi, whose influence still permeates the school, thought the former is far away in America and the other has gone to her rest and reward. These two began the school together in 1894 and worked in harmony and love. * Nyumbazi remained till December, 1898, and then left school to be married; but consumption soon ended her beautiful life here, amking all our hearts sad. Some of us trace Mrs. Ireland's breakdown and Nyumbazi's untimely death to the unsanitary condition of the Home. * Here are sixty girls crowded into three little rooms. Twenty would be as many as hygienic principles would allow, especially when they not only eat here but, as many as can, study and sleep in the same rooms. * At the end of the term sixty girls had been received and fifteen more hade been sent back home because there was 'no room,' This must not occur again, * but it shows you rich Americans what might be done if we had a little money. I wish I might also give you a vision of a sight very common to us—the sad, disappointed looks on the faces of the girls, when, with backward looks, they slowly and reluctantly turn their footsteps back to their homes, almost incredulous that there can be "no room" for them. They have dared the wrath of their fathers and brothers to escape from heathenism to become Christians, for that is what it means to most of them and now they must turn back to meet that wrath, unprotected, or to lie about the cause of their absence from home. "No room," after they have been invited to seek a higher life by Christ's messengers and have taken the only course open to them to seek it by running away from their bondage. According to this term's record and it is sure to be greater next term, owing to the news of the open door of this term, we must say to forty girls at the beginning of next term, "There is no room for you," and with sad faces they will turn back to the old life. God forgive the people who are responsible for this."

The largest egg in the world has lately been brought to London, having been found by some natives of Madagascar, buried in the sand of the island. (If you do not know where Madagascar is, get a geography, turn to the map of Africa, and see how quickly you can find it). A long time ago—some men of science say it was over a thousand years—a species of huge birds was found on the island of Madagascar. These birds have long been extinct, but their enormous eggs are occasionally found buried where the mother bird has placed them for hatching, just as the ostrich does at this day. That the bird was a very large one is shown from the fact that this egg measures a yard around it, and is equal in bulk to twelve dozen hens' eggs.

The lifeboats around the British Coast during the last year rescued 690 people.

The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

Bartimus--Jesus Passing and Followed.

(Mark x: 46–52.)

Lesson X, December, 9, 1900.

It is a very simple story; remarkable among Christ's "mighty works," mainly,as an exhibition of sublime generosity, of a self-conquest, rising grandly above his own impending woe and entering, with sympathetic helpfulness, into another's needs—and he a blind beggar! Calvary but seven days before him, and yet a heart "at leisure from itself," to soothe another's pain! Pressing forward with consuming zeal toward the scene of his conflict, yet pausing to sympathize, as well as to heal!

Let us to the story. Its doubtful points are few, and unimportant; entering or leaving the city, one blind beggar or two—what does it matter?

From the uplands of Perea, our Lord had descended to the Jordan valley and the plain of Jericho. That city was then the second in size and importance in Palestine, but Jesus was there because it lay "in the way" toward Jerusalem. (That phrase is the golden thread upon which the evangelist strings his narrative of those fateful days.) The thought of Jesus was concentrated upon "the way," and what lay at the end of it. (Cf. vs. 17, 32, 52, and similar expressions, Luke ix: 51; xix; 28.) A crowd was pressing close upon the Master, eager to see and to hear this Lord of life and death. A blind beggar, repulsively wretched, has stationed himself by the wayside—they often did this. "What means this sound of hurrying feet?" he asks. "Jesus, the Nazarene," some one replies. Immediately his voice is lifted up in the cry," Son of David, Jesus, help!" Was it the strenuous cry, or was it the unusual form of appeal, which attracted attention? "Be silent," retorted the crowd. "Call him," said the Lord. Why this difference? To them he was a beggar, nothing more; to Jesus he was a son of Abraham, a child of God—*His Father's* child, in need. The temper of the crowd is changed at once. They are now his friends, and instead of rebuffs, Bartimaeus meets with encouragement and aid. Thus often, has one brave voice turned the current of feeling, which was setting against some victim of prejudice.

Now the beggar is before his Friend. "What wilt thou?" "Rabboni, sight!" (cf. John xxi: 17.) The gracious purpose of the question is accomplished; and, at once, those hands which opened but to bless, were extended; they touch the diseased eyes. Health returns; sight is restored—the blind man sees! And before him, first object on which he looks, is the great Physician! A smile, a recognition of the trust displayed, and Bartimaeus is at liberty to go. "Go!" He will not thus be separated from his new-found Lord. With joyful heart he joins himself to the little company and, with loud thanksgiving, follows him "in the way."

Such the story in its material dress. But like all Christ's "mighty works," it had a spiritual side. It was a symbol, as well as a fact. That "recovery of the sight of the blind" which was a part of Christ's mission, meant more than bodily healing; for a blindness afflicts the race, worse than that which shuts out the natural world from view. It is that which has lost the vision of eternal realities, lost the consciousness of God's presence, lost the joy of his companionship, lost the light which his Spirit sheds uponobedient souls. To one thus disabled, neither the true meaning of life, nor the way to its realization, are clear. "Poor, wretched, blind, naked, and in need of all things," he is alienated and an enemy in his mind "to the gracious Father," "having no hope and without God in the world." Such was Bartimaeus, so far as we know him, before "Jesus passed that way," and such is every human soul until the Light which once shone out of darkness shines in the heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. That cry of the beggar to the "Son of David" meant more to him, we love to think, than he realized at the time. The faith which made possible the physical cure developed, we would hope, into that which, working by love, purifies the heart; the Savior's healing touch giving life to both body and spirit. The way of the cross is ever the way of light, and henceforth we think of Bartimaeus, as with clear-eyed vision, following his Lord, not only "in the way" to Jerusalem, but in his whole sacrificial life of service, which, if it leads to Calvary, leads also above, to the heavenly glory and the joys of God's right hand.

The lessons are many. They are such as these:

1. Learn to follow the golden thread of love through all life's experiences. Bartimaeus' blindness was the window through which the light of life poured into his soul. And all our trials and sorrows, in like manner, may open before us a world of beauty and of joy hitherto unsuspected.

2. New advantages bring new duties in their train. The passing of Jesus, with its possibilities of recovery, imposed upon Bartimaeus the obligation of action. So with us; whatever awakens the sense of need, and arouses hope, is a call to effort, "lest we let it slip."

3. Not "Jesus, the Nazarene" alone, but "Jesus the Son of David," is he whom helpless sinners need.

4. "Son of David, Jesus, have mercy on *me*." "What wilt thou?"

5. Faith is the hinge of recovery.

6. Jesus is still "in the way" of service. Redeemed lives may still be expended in following him.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

How to Listen. (Matt. xiii: 1-23.)

Topic for December 9th.

One of the crucial questions for the most of us Endeavorers is, How does the spoken truth of God strike us? Every kernel of wheat carries with it the potency of life, growth and multiplication. So far as the wheat is concerned this result will occur whenever it falls into the soil. If it fails to produce it, the cause is not to be found in the garin. Something is the matter with the conditions after it is sown. So it is with the Word of God. Wherever it is spoken it carries with it the potency of life, increase and power. Jesus said: "The words that I have spoken unto you, they are spirit and are life." Paul told Timothy that the sacred writings were able to make him wise unto salvation. It is scarcely less than startling when we realize that all around us everywhere God's word is coming to us with a power in it that will surely turn us into the right life and develop us into a character like his own, unless the conditions upon which it falls, makes that result impossible.

* * *

How many of us are thus impressed with the great importance of the condition of mind in which we listen when men are speaking the Word of God? When one enters the gallery of the photographer for a sitting, how careful he is to put himself into the right pose, the best light and the most attractive expression. The camera will do its part with unerring exactness; it will tell the truth. Precisely what it reports upon the negative will depend upon what pains and thought have been given to place the object in the best condition to be recorded. What care then should be given to our listening! If the preacher has a proper sense of his opportunity, he has prepared a message which he has sought out with conscientious diligence. It has a mighty power for you. If your soul is in the right pose; if you are in the house of God with his light around you; if you have done what you could to receive the intended impression of that message, it will certainly lift you up towards the highest ideals. It will give you power over evil, and strength of Christian character. But the question is with you; have you taken the pains to give that word its best effect upon you?

* * *

One of the most important considerations in good listening is the preservation of the nerve force. Hearing is first a physical matter. The nervous system is the gateway to spiritual life. Exhausted nerves often play the havoc with spiritual conceptions. If you do double work on Saturday or spend Saturday night until a late hour in some social function, your nerves will be in no condition on the Lord's day to listen. The gateway to your spiritual life will be so clogged with the debris of the day before that very little of the truth can find its way into your life. The practice of doing extra business on the last day of the week, and the habit of making the last night before our Sunday worship a special time for trading, is one of the successful devices of the adversary to discount the effects of the next day's preaching. Every preacher knows what it is to spend all the week in a glow of fervor and a fire of devotion in preparing a sermon for the people for whose uplift he yearns, and then on Sunday morning to find himself before a congregation with limp bodies and tired nerves. That soil is as bad as a field full of stones, thorns and blackbirds.

* * *

There are three considerations in good listening. If these are kept in mind and in exercise, preaching will be the "power of God unto salvation" to every listener. The first is the source from which the message comes. Often the minister and the choir are too much in evidence. The house of the Lord was not dedicated to hero worship. It is not the temple of aesthetic ecstasy. Nothing can make a building a church except the presence of God in it. No edifice can be the house of God to you or me, until the divine and human have met in fellowship—you to worship, he to bless. After taking care that our nerves are in good condition, the next step in listening is to bring our thoughts face to face with our Lord, and hear what he is saying to our souls.

* * *

The second consideration is the purpose of this word. In all our environment there is no purpose more glorious. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ," is the way the New Testament puts it. In the faculties with which our Creator has endowed us and in the opportunities which come to our career and in all the providence of God, there is no purpose which transcends the preaching of God's word, in its personal in-

tent for you. The true listener hears God.

* * *

The third impression to be kept with us is the result. Where the sermon *is* the Word of God, there is no void preaching. Like the parables of our Lord, it either reveals or hides. It prepares for more light or more darkness. Which are its effects upon us depends upon the spirit in which we listen. The results of preaching upon the faithful listener are a knowledge of God, an understanding of life's problems, a consciousness of fellowship with Jesus, a love for mankind, a victory over the trials of life and an undying aspiration towards the divine character. It is little wonder that our Master said: "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."

In Humboldt County.

The Superintendent of the C. S. S. & P. S. spent about two weeks recently in Humboldt county visiting the Sunday-schools and attending the Association, which was held at Hydesville. Humboldt county is noted for its wealth, being even richer than the proverbial Canaan, for it flows with cream, and abounds in the finest of butter. The Sunday-school man was happier at seeing the city of Eureka than he had been to see any place for a long while. The reason will be appreciated when it is known that the trip was made by water.

A welcome was found in the home of Rev. Griffith Griffiths, who, abounding in hospitality, "took the sick man in." A visit was made to Rohnerville, where the pastor, Rev. R. C. Day, and bride, were found making preparations to settle in the cottage just rented, and furnished. Mr. Day is doing a large work, preaching at two places besides Rohnerville, and attending prayer-meetings. The Association was held at Hydesville, one of the places of which he is pastor. The churches were well represented at the meeting. Before adjourning, the Association expressed itself by resolution as being in sympathy with the movement to come to self-support in California.

Friday evening was kindly given to the Sunday-school Society in which to present its work. A full account of the Association has been promised The Pacific. A visit was made to Loleta, where Rev. Mr. Jasper has taken up work again, much to the gratification of the people, both at Loleta and Salmon Creek.

The Sunday was spent at Ferndale with Rev. Mr. Burkett, who, with his people, did all that was possible to make the stay of the visitor pleasant; the richness and beauty of the place are only equalled by the kindness and hospitality of the people. The ladies are preparing for a bazaar, by which they hope to clear away the last fraction of indebtedness. There is an epidemic of bazaars in the county, which was made apparent at the Association. The ladies are out for dollars in a laudable cause. Besides the bazaars in contemplation, meals were furnished on election day and night, one church making nearly fifty dollars. A fine musical was given by the church at Eureka, which must have been a success, if the program is any criterion.

The Sunday-school at the Island has been resumed. Mr. Burkett has added this work to his many other duties, and finds that three services and speaking six times on Sunday keep him busy.

Monday night a Sunday-school was organized on William's Creek. The night was dark and the roads muddy, but in spite of it all the seats in the little school house were filled. After a sermon, the subject of organizing a school was discussed, and a unanimous vote taken in favor of the movement. Officers were soon elected, and supplies ordered at once. Mr. Burkett, who assisted in the organization, has promised to visit the place some pleasant evening, giving them a service.

A flying visit was made to Mad River, where a Sunday-school is looked after by the pastor at Eureka. Mr. Griffiths either goes himself or supplies this point in some way, so that the people have had regular services since the organization of the school.

Friday the Sunday-school man took passage on the steamer again. He has decided, after much contemplation over the side of his bunk, that it is more conducive to his health to travel afoot or on horseback, rather than by water. He is thankful to be on "Terra Cotta" once more. He would not have missed the trip for a thousand dollars, but it would require a good deal more to induce him to take it again in the same way.

The visit was an exceedingly pleasant one, and the faithful Christian workers, who have an empire of their own, in which there are railroads running into the mountains and through many towns, but without railroad communication with the rest of the world, will not be forgotten.

One thing is especially noticeable—the number of church buildings, there being one at each place where our work is organized, with two exceptions; and one of these is talking of building. The Alton church has just made some improvements that make it very inviting. The little Island church is neat and tidy. The Ferndale people have a good church building and parsonage.

In like manner the different places are sup-

plied. It gives an air of stability to the work. It means a house in which to abide. There is a unity of purpose among the Christian people that is prophetic of the growth of God's kingdom.

The Home.

Company Manners.

REV. EDWARD HERRICK CHANDLER.

There is no denying the desirability of good behavior in the presence of company. First impressions are so lasting, even though admittedly superficial, that no one cares to have his children handicapped with strangers through bad behavior. The instinctive desire to appear well is one of the saving qualities of the race.

The difficulty comes in making the manners acquired for the purpose of impressing company favorably a vital expression of every-day life. Manners must be developed from within, if they are to be genuine. They are but the forms in which the soul expresses itself. And training in manners demands the training of the soul.

This is not denying the expediency of the more or less conventional rules of etiquette, which have no vital root in qualities of character but which are adopted merely to prevent social friction. It is important that children should have an early familiarity with many of these conventions. But to rest content with these as if they were manners would be a great mistake.

Is it not necessary, therefore, that there should be a continual home training in manners even when there is no company present to observe? A quiet demeanor at table, a thoughtfulness of speech, a consideration for others' sensitiveness, a desire to anticipate others in the doing of simple courtesies—all these result from the right spirit within. Sometimes children develop this right spirit by first doing the deeds which it brings forth. Whether the inner spirit be first or last it must exist, if manners are to be anything more than a sham.

The relation between the external act and the inner spirit may be pointed out to a child if a parent will have the patience. It is always well to let children learn as early as possible that there is a deeper reason for doing things in the best way than the merely arbitrary wish of a parent. For instance: Speak gently because kindness and thoughtfulness are best shown in the gentle tone; be respectful to elders because those who are young can show in that way their gratitude for all that their elders have done for them; be polite to every one because that will keep you from forgetting the Golden Rule; be pleasant instead of disagreeable in all your actions for the sake of carrying good cheer into the lives of those about you.

Good manners are the chief means by which we "make life less difficult for each other." They purify and sweeten all social relations and help to make the atmosphere of the daily life more wholesome. They are not to be put on or off with occasions, but become a vital part of life, and are as perfect in the desert as in the city. Conventional salutations and modes of social intercourse and dress may change with places and nations. It is well to be trained in them and when in Rome to try to do as the Romans do. But genuine good manners do not change. Like gold they are accepted in all nations on sight. For they spring from goodness of soul and that is recognized as standard currency the world over.

Company manners should be but the counterpart of home manners. A child who lives by two standards and acts toward his own kin less graciously than toward strangers needs to be shown the worthlessness of his pretense to be well-mannered. Even strangers cannot be long deceived, and a child will soon reveal to them his real spirit, which is bound to express itself somehow without restraint. Happy may that parent be who can always be sure that his child has a pure spirit and that it will reveal itself in a genuineness of manner which, though not always conventionally faultless, will at least be an honest expression of a good soul.—The Evangelist.

Mrs Roosevelt.

Since Mrs. McKinley's ill-health shuts her away from many active social duties, the "first lady of the land" practically will be Mrs. Roosevelt. In view of this fact, a description of her as given to the Public Ledger of Philadelphia, will be of interest:

There is a fixed impression in the public mind that Mrs. Roosevelt is averse to all publicity, on her own account and for her children. To her, the displaying of her picture in the newspapers, merely as the wife of a prominent man, amounts to notoriety seeking, for which she has a well-bred abhorrence. From this fact many people have imbibed the idea that Mrs. Roosevelt is a timid, retiring woman, with little interest in anything except household duties. Some have even suspected the Governor of being something of a domestic tyrant. Nothing farther from the truth could be imagined. Mrs. Roosevelt is almost as decided a character as her husband. She is the Chatelaine of Sagamore Hill, the beautiful Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, and no one who has ever visited there will be apt to for-

get the dignity and firmness with which she rules over the entire establishment. The Governor never dreams of questioning one of her orders.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who was Miss Edith Kermit Carow, is a young woman still, and a very attractive one. Rather above the medium height, she has a slender, graceful figure, and a fine, intelligent face. She has very bright eyes, and the beautiful teeth that are characteristic of the whole Roosevelt family. Her hair is light brown, and is arranged simply, without a wave or a ringlet. Everything about her speaks of grace. She is an aristocrat to the tip of her fingers. Her manner is that of a gracious lady, tactful, kindly, certain of her rank, but gracious also of the old world obligation of rank. She dresses extremely well.

That she will fill her position in a way of which few women are capable, none will doubt after seeing her. The Roosevelts are not rich, as riches are counted in society. They will not be able to entertain on any great scale of magnificence, but at their home in Washington foreign visitors will have an opportunity to see the very best type of an American home.

Of the Roosevelt chidren every one knows there are five, one a tall girl, growing into womanhood; three boys and a winning little maid of four years, plainly her father's idol. There is a delightful camaraderie between parents and children at Sagamore Hill. It would probably be impossible to convince the boys that a greater man than their father ever existed, but they do not worship him from afar, or treat him with respectful awe. They follow him about with adoring friendship. It was just this relation which existed between the Governor and his own father, for whom he was named, and from whom he inherited his energy and principles. From him he received that conviction which has shaped his whole career. That the best thing that life offers any man or woman is work—hard work. And it is on this principle that the youthful Roosevelts are being brought up.

A Lesson From Real Life

BY MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M D

A young merchant, intent on business, while rushing across the city on his wheel, met with a collision. The result was numerous bruises, sprains, and dislocations which laid him aside from active duties for a few days. The mental currents, which had been rushing out along lines of business activity, were suddenly checked, and boiled and seethed in irritation and rebellion.

"It would not have been so hard," he said, "if I could have been let down easy, but this sudden stoppage from a point of intense activity to a state of enforced quiescence is almost unbearable."

One evening, while lying upon his sofa, he noticed that his little boy, a bright little fellow of four years, was remaining up after his usual bedtime, and, calling the nurse, he commanded her to take the child to bed. The little fellow resisted with kicks and screams, was scolded and slapped by his father into sullen quiescence, and carried off rebelliously to bed.

"I declare," said the father, "that child is getting to be incorrigible. I shall certainly have to take him severely in hand."

This remark was addressed to a friend, a woman of experience, who, sitting in the room, had been a witness to the proceeding. The comment of the father opened the way for the expression of thoughts which were stirring in her mind.

"Did you notice what the child was doing when you ordered him to bed?" she said.

"Why, no, not particularly. He was playing I believe."

"He was very busy," said the friend. "He had a grocery store in one corner of the room, a telephone in another, and a magnificent train of cars with a coal-scuttle engine. He was taking orders from the telephone, doing up packages in the grocery store, and delivering them by train. He had just very courteously assured Mrs. Brown that she should surely have a pound of rice pudding and a bushel of baked potatoes, and had done up a pumpkin pie for Mrs. Smith, when he was rudely disturbed in his business by Sarah and carried ignominiously off to bed. He resented, and probably if he could have put his thoughts into words, would have said just what you did a short time ago, that if he 'could have been let down easy, it wouldn't have been so hard, but to be stopped suddenly, right in the midst of business, was unbearable.' Now he knows that tomorrow the grocery store will have been demolished, the telephone will have disappeared, the train will have been wrecked; and if he goes into business again, he will have to begin at the foundation. You think your experience is hard enough, but you know there are others at your place of business who are looking after things as well as they can. How would you feel if you knew that your store was demolished and had to be built up again from the foundation?"

"Oh, well," said the father, "but that is business. The boy was only playing."

"The boy's occupation to him was business just as much as yours is to you. His mental activities were just as intense; the sudden checking of his currents of thought was just as hard to bear; and his kicks and screams were no more censurable in him than have

been your exclamations and frettings during the time that you have been ignominiously sent to bed. You have been worrying over plans that were suddenly confused because of your accident; he goes to bed feeling that Mrs. Brown will be disappointed because she did not get her rice pudding, and it is just as hard for him to bear this as for you to bear your experience."

"Well, what would you have me do?" said the father. "Would you let the child sit up all night because he is interested in his play?"

"No, but you might have 'let him down easy.' Suppose you had given him fifteen minutes in which to rearrange his thoughts. Suppose you had called him to you, and said, 'Well, Mr. Grocer, I would like to give you some orders, but I see that it is about time for your store to close. I shall have to wait until tomorrow.' No doubt the little grocer would have been willing to have filled your orders at once, but you could have said, 'Oh, no! Stores must close on time so that the clerks can go home. There will be plenty of time tomorrow. I see you still have some goods to deliver, and your engineer is getting very anxious to reach the end of his run. In about fifteen minutes the engine must go into the roundhouse and the engineer must go home and go to bed so as to be ready for work tomorrow.' Do you not see that this would have turned the thoughts of the child into just the line that you wanted him to go? He would have been glad to close up his store, because that is the way men do; and as a little engineer at the end of a 'run,' he would have been very glad to go to bed and rest. Instead of a rebellious child, sobbing himself sulkily to sleep with an indefinable feeling of injustice rankling in his heart, as a happy little engineer he would have gone willingly to bed, to think with loving kindness of the father who had sympathized with him and helped him to close his day's labors satisfactorily."

"I see," said the father, "and I am ashamed of myself. If I could walk, I'd go to him and ask him to forgive me. Sarah, bring Robbie here."

"He's asleep," was the reply.

"Never mind, bring him anyhow."

The girl lifted the sleeping boy and carried him into his father's arms. The child's face was flushed and tear-stained, his little fists were clenched, and the long-drawn, shuddering breath showed with what a perturbed spirit he had entered into sleep.

"Poor little chap!" said the father, penitently. He kissed the moist forehead and whispered, "Can you forgive your father, my boy?"

The child did not awaken, but his hands gently unclosed, his whole body relaxed, and, nestling his head more closely against his father's breast, he raised one chubby hand and patted the father's cheek. It was as if the loving voice had penetrated through the incasing flesh to the child's spirit, and he had answered love with love.—New Crusade.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Violet.

There was once a little violet that had its home at the foot of a great pine tree. The violet and the tree loved each other dearly. The tree was much older than the tiny flower, and had seen more of the world, and so it was a safe counselor and friend to the little blossom. Near the violet lived a blade of grass. It was rather more independent than the violet, but not nearly as happy, for it was all the time imagining that some evil would befall it. Indeed, it worried so much that after a few months it became quite wrinkled and aged in appearance. One day the violet noticed this and said to the grass:

"My dear neighbor, why do you look anxious and unhappy today? Have you any especial trouble?"

"Trouble!" exclaimed the grass. "I should say so! Don't you know that winter is coming?"

"Winter! What is winter?" asked the flower.

"It's the time when the south wind goes away and the cruel north wind comes in his place, when ice and snow bite and freeze the grasses and flowers. Winter will be here soon, and for my part I shall not stay here to be frozen!"

"What will you do?"

"I'll go anywhere to get away from this cold place! Where shall you go?"

"I think I ought to stay here," answered the violet. "This is my home, where the All-Father who cares for even the tiny flowers placed me, and where he meant me to stay. I have always been happy here through the bright, warm summer days; I love this pine tree, at whose feet I nestle, and I love the south wind, and I shall, if possible, remain with them. I shall be cared for."

"You foolish little thing! What good will the tree do you when the south wind goes?" asked the grass impatiently.

"I must stay where I have been put," replied the violet.

She thought long and seriously of what the grass had said of the approach of winter, but, as she felt no change in the weather, she decided that her neighbor must be mistaken. At all events she would trust and not worry. Still the grass grew more wrinkled daily and became so dry that one day when the south wind touched her gently, she snapped off and

b ew away. Then the violet felt the south wind touch her and she listened to what he was saying to her:

"Good-bye, little violet," he said, "good-bye, until winter is gone. I must go now and let my brother, the north wind, come in my place."

"He is not as gentle as you are, is he?" whispered the flower.

"Listen to the pine tree," answered the south wind.

Then the violet lifted her blue eyes and saw that the tree was bending his top as if to speak to her.

"What is it, dear pine tree?" she asked.

"Hush, hush!" sang the pine. "Don't fear; stay here; you'll be kept warm. Hush—hush -sh—sh!"

Just then there was a sound as of a great rushing through the forest and the violet knew that the north wind was coming. In a moment she felt his cold touch and shrank down timidly against the tree. Then she looked at her friend and he was still waving his arms back and forth, crooning: "Hush, hush; go to sleep, hush—sh—sh!"

"I must do as he says," whispered the little violet, and cuddled closer to that pine. And then a wonderful thing happened. The pine shook his arms harder than ever, and down fell from his hands, bit by bit, a warm green covering, until the violet was completely hidden by it. She closed her eyes peacefully and slept under the pine needles. But one night beneath her cover the violet began to feel cold again. "Winter is here surely," she thought. "I am such a tiny blossom, can it be possible that the All-Father will remember and provide for me? But I must not be afraid, for I have always been cared for before this."

And then another wonderful thing happened. From the sky came down another covering bit by bit, as the green cover had come. But this was white and marvelously soft, and it shut out all the cold from the little violet, and once more she slept deeply.

One day, months after the violet had gone to sleep, she was awakened by a gentle touch, as of a warm finger upon her coverlet. She lay still and waited.

Little by little the fingers pushed aside the heavy blanket and from where the violet lay under her wrappings, that had once been green, but were now dry and brown, she could see a little sunbeam peeping at her.

"Little violet," said the sunbeam, "I have taken off your thick, white blanket; I have been sent to tell you it is time to get up."

"Thank you, dear sunbeam," responded the violet, "but how can I get up with this green cover over me?"

"Wait and see!" laughed the sunbeam.

And in a few minutes the violet heard the voice she loved so dearly—the voice of the south wind.

"Little violet, little violet," he called, "are you awake?"

"I am here!" answered the violet, "but I can't get this cover off!"

"That is easily done!" said the south wind, and he breathed with his sweet warm breath on the pine needles and gently blew them to one side.

Then the sunbeam kissed the violet, and the south wind caressed her, and she stood up straight and danced in the warm air.

She looked up at the pine tree above her. He had on a beautiful suit of fresh, deep green, and waved his arms to his little friend.

"What does it all mean?" asked the little violet. "I see that we have all been cared for, but where is the winter?"

"Gone, gone," murmured the pine.

"Spring is here; yes, yes, spring—sweet spring!" And the little violet lifted her trustful eyes to heaven and was glad.—Silver Cross.

The Missing Cake.

Lottie had invited some of her little friends to spend the afternoon with her. They had played several games, and were just going to play "Hide the button," when one of the girls said, "Oh, Lottie, before we play this game may I have a drink of water? I am so thirsty!"

"I'll get you a drink," said Lottie, and she started for the dining room.

On the sideboard she saw a paper bag, and wondered what was in it. She knew that she had no right to meddle with her mother's things, but she said to herself, "It can do no harm for me just to see what is in there."

She very carefully untied the string and peeped in. There were some lovely cakes, full of currants. "They look so good!" said Lottie, "I will just take one little crumb." She broke off a little piece, then picked out a currant, then took a little more and a little more until the cake was all eaten.

She took in the glass of water, and joined in the games. But somehow she did not have as nice a time as she did before. The games did not seem very interesting, and she could not help thinking of the cake she had taken.

Soon mamma called the children out to the dining-room and gave them lemonade and cake.

"Lottie," said mamma, "you and sister Fannie will have to divide a cake between you. I was sure that I bought one apiece; but

there were only eleven in the bag instead of twelve."

Lottie knew where the other cake had gone, but she did not tell. She felt it would be too mean to take part of Fannie's cake, so she said, "Fannie, you can have it all; I don't want any."

That evening after all the friends had gone, mamma, who had come to kiss Lottie "good night," said, "I was glad to see that my little girl was generous today, and gave Fannie the whole cake."

"I was not generous at all, mamma," said Lottie; "for while the other girls were in the parlor I took one of the cakes out of the bag and ate it. I am very sorry, for I know it was naughty."

"I am very sorry, too," said mamma. "But I am glad that my little girl told me about it. Have you asked God to forgive you? You know he is ready to forgive, if we are sorry for our sins. And remember that God always sees you, even if no one else is looking."

"Yes, mamma," said Lottie; "I will try always to remember the verse, 'Thou, God, seest me.'"—The Picture World.

Gray Squirrels.

If you wish to witness the most marvelous exhibition of agility to be seen in the New England woods, says an exchange, watch a gray squirrel making his way through the tree-tops. Often as I have observed this performance, I never see it without a feeling of admiration.

In places where these squirrels are protected, as in Central Park, New York, where they will feed from your hand, and Fall River, Mass., where, on one of the principal streets, I have had them jump into my cap, they get rather lazy and very leisurely in their movements; but a wild gray squirrel, in his native woodland, can take about as many liberties with the laws of gravitation as anything which goes on four legs. He always looks much more at home in the trees than he does on the ground, and he can dodge around the big branches fast enough to make one's head swim. Perhaps he never does this trick so fast as when a hawk is after him.

But it is when he is traveling rapidly through the woods that he excites our greatest admiration. He has regular pathways through the tree-tops, and he knows them as well as we know our own garden paths. You will seldom see him run out upon a branch from which he cannot make good connections with another tree, though to make such connection he may have to leap many feet from one bending branch to another. As he runs, his big, bushy tail is stretched out straight behind, as though to steady him, and possibly to a certain extent to act as a rudder.

Although the normal color of the animal is silver-gray, gray squirrels are not by any means always gray. One variety found chiefly in Canada, Northern New York, and the West, is black, and there are others showing every gradation of color between that and the normal gray. Sometimes black young are found in the same nest with gray ones.

This is by far the largest squirrel in New England, and a big male will measure over twenty-six inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his "brush." He is of a very energetic disposition, rising with the sun, and seldom retiring for the night until long after sunset. He usually devotes several hours in the morning to hunting for food. About the middle of theda y he and his wife retire for a nap, to a nest of sticks, leaves and moss which they have built in the top of some big tree. In the afternoon they come out again to feed and to play until it is time to go to bed.

In the late fall they retire to a nest either built in the branches of a tree or in a hollow trunk, where they sleep away the coldest part of winter. They do not lay by for themselves any store of food worth speaking of, but on mild days they come forth and hunt for nuts among the fallen leaves, and even try to reach those which still cling to the leafless branches.

The young, four to six in number, are born blind and helpless, generally in April, May or June. The little fellows develop very rapidly, and in a few weeks may be seen clambering over the tree near the nest, to which thy return during the rest of the year. They seem very sensitive to cold if taken from the mother at an early age, but in other respects they are hardy and tenacious of life. While trying a short time ago to capture some young squirrels which were climbing about near their nest in the top of a big pine tree two of them leaped to the ground, forty feet below. I heard them alight with a terrible thump, and thought that they must surely be dead; but they picked themselves up and were into another tree before a companion of mine below could put his cap over them. If taken young they are easily tamed, taught to drink milk from a bottle and to eat from one's hand. But they are apt occasionally to be irritable, and at such times do not hesitate to sink their chisel teeth into anyone who attempts to handle them.

Perhaps they are fonder of hickory nuts than any other kind of food, but also eat chestnuts, beechnuts, butternuts, acorns, maple seeds, fruit and the larvae of insects. So far so good, but unfortunately they also have yearnings for green corn and young wheat,

each in its season, and so destructive are they that farmers often look upon them as enemies and treat them as such.

An Heroic Engineer.

On October 31, while on her way from Southampton, England, to New York, the "St. Paul" met with an accident, that but for the presence of mind and bravery of one man, might have entailed much loss.

For some unknown reason—either the propeller of the big vessel struck a sunken wreck, or something went wrong with the machinery—the starboard shaft broke in three places, propeller and part of the shaft plunged into the ocean, and the engine was a wild runaway.

Cylinder rods were loose. They whirled around. Parts of the machinery that weighed many tons were being threshed about like toys.

Thick, white, blinding steam from broken cylinders filled the engine room, and nuts, bolts and castings that had been ripped off flew about like shells from quick-firing guns. The runaway engine was in possession of the engine room, and was tearing itself and the ship to pieces.

In the middle of the tumult John Anderson, a first assistant engineer, taking his life in his hands, made his way through the boiling steam and past the whirling pieces of steel that would have cut him to pieces had they struck him.

Anderson gained the reverse lever, and throwing it over shut off the steam. The wild-cat engine slowly came to a standstill and the ship was safe.

While Anderson, calm and collected, was doing this a great crash was heard near him. The helpers could not see him for the steam. They were certain he had been killed.

The jarring of the runaway engine had loosened a great crossbeam above him and it fell at his feet, missing him by less than three inches. It weighed 1,100 pounds.

Without a thought of the narrowness of his escape, Anderson coolly directed his assistants, and as the steam cleared sized up the damage.

The starboard engine was of little more value than scrap iron. The heavy caps of the high pressure cylinders, weighing 1,500 pounds each, had been lifted and thrown against another part of the engine with terrific force. The caps of the low pressure cylinders, which weigh several tons, had been thrown against the high pressure cylinders above them and had fallen down again, wrecking the low pressure cylinders.

The engine rods, supports, piston rods and wheels were either ripped off or twisted so that they were hardly recognizable.

The greatest freak of the accident, and that which best shows the terrific power of the runaway engine, was the state of the massive crank shaft.

This part of the engine weighs thirty-five tons, and is bolted with huge fastenings to the shaft. It is practically a part of the vessel, but it had been loosened by the runaway engine and lifted a foot from the bed plate from which it was torn. It fell back again with a ruinous crash.

Had the starboard engine not been stopped by the heroic Engineer Anderson, its work of destruction might have gone on until it wrecked the port engines, too, or flying wheels or castings weighing many tons might have been hurled through the ship's sides or bottom.

Had such a thing as this happened, the probable result can only be conjectured, but there were 836 souls on board.

Rain may to us seem lost when it falls on a desert, but it fulfills some purpose of God. So the gospel word falling on the hard heart; it sometimes works a change at last; and even if not so, it leaves men without excuse.—Fausset.

Grandma's Hymns.

They had old-fashioned hymns today,
And dear old tunes were sung;
Soft, solemn sounds—just such, my dear,
I sang when I was young.

And how my heart went backward
To Sabbaths gone so long,
When voices death and years have hushed,
Joined with mine, clear and strong—

In "Dundee," "Mear," and "Brattle street,"
Or "Wyndham's" solemn strain;
Glad "Coronation's" joyous note
And "Lennox's" soft refrain.

Our meeting house was very plain,
No organ through it rang;
Good Deacon Slocum pitched the tunes,
And everybody sang.

But not with all the trills and shakes
The choirs use today—
In spite of all the screaming, one
Can't hear a word they say!

There was but little talk of *art*
In those old times, 'tis true;
But with the spirit many sang,
And understanding, too.

For we didn't see our worshipers,
Dumbly listening to a choir,
Whose chiefest aim, it seems to me,
Is, who shall sing the higher.

Yes, dear old tunes, ye bear me back
To Sabbaths gone so long;
And voices that around the throne
Still worship God in song.

—*Christian Observer.*

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Thanksgiving services will be held in this church on Thanksgiving Day at 11 o'clock.

Palo Alto.—Dr. J. K. McLean occupied the pulpit Sunday morning, and Rev. F. J. Culver, the acting pastor, in the evening. The field widens every day.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Rev. Jee Gam gave a missionary address Wednesday evening of last week and Dr. A. P. Peck spoke Sunday morning concerning China.

Rohnerville.—Since the opening of the new year eleven new members have been added to our church roll. The spiritual life of the church is better, likewise the social life, than for some time previous to this. The outlook is encouraging. The Senior Ladies' Guild and the Young Ladies' Guild together are preparing to hold a bazaar during the second week of December. Sunday audiences and prayer-meeting attendance are exceptionally good. The pastor is soon to begin a series of Friday afternoon services for the children of the church. His purpose is to give a course of talks on "Children of the Bible." The movement has met with the favor and co-operation of parents. The Alton church, connected with Rohnerville, have adorned and beautified their building with bell, carpet, lights and new stove. The work moves well and interest is growing. It is being planned to hold a series of meetings there during February and March.

Southern California

Chula Vista.—This church celebrated its tenth anniversary Sunday, November the 18th. Dr. S. A. Norton preached in the afternoon and evening.

Norwalk.—Rev. Geo. H. DeKay has presented his resignation, asking that it take effect at the close of the pear. His pastorate of more than four years here has been a very successful one.

San Miguel.—Through the kindness of a friend of the church $35 goes forward through the A. B. C. F. M. toward supporting a native preacher under Rev. C. R. Hager, at Canton, China.

Paso Robles.—Eight inches of rain insures another era of prosperity. The railroad company will extend its depot and increase the yard facilities. The hotel company will expend $8,000 on improvements, and the city authorities plant 500 shade trees along the streets. The new church is ready for shingles and attracts much admiration. The expenses will be much less than anticipated. Mr. John Holbrook of San Francisco First church attended our services Sunday and spoke cheering words of co-operation and encouragement.

Notes and Personals.

The outlook is said to be encouraging for pastor and people at Plymouth church, Los Angeles.

The Bay Association will meet in the Market street church of Oakland Tuesday, December 11th.

Park church in this city rejoices over the acceptance of the call extended to Rev. F. V. Jones of Reno, Nevada.

The claims of The Pacific were presented in the First church in this city Sunday morning and eight new subscriptions were received.

Dr. A. P. Peck expects to start for China Thursday of next week. He will be missed in Congrtgational circles hereabouts. Many prayers will follow him in the good work of medical missions, to which he is devoting his life.

Prof. Foster of Pacific Seminary read an able paper at the meeting of the ministers on Monday, which was largely devoted to a consideration of the recent book of Prof. Paine of Bangor Seminary. Next Monday will be given to a discussion of the paper and the book.

The San Francisco Association will meet in Bethany church, Thursday, December 6th. The afternoon program is in part as follows: An address by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, "Church Expansion on the Pacific Coast"! also "The Sphere and Work of the Local or District Association in Our Congregational Polity," presented by two addresses from different standpoints, followed by discussion—speakers, 20 minutes each, S. H. Willey and W. H. Atkinson. In the evening the general topic will be "The Supernatural in the Faith and Work of the Church." First address, "What Do We Mean by the Supernatural?" by A. Drahms. Second address, "Is There Special Reason for Emphasizing the Supernatural?" by P. Coombe. Third address, "How Is the Church to Avail Herself of Her Superntaural Forces?" by F. B. Cherington.

The German Emperor has been known to change his costume twelve times in eighteen hours. His wardrobe contains more than one thousand suits.

Humboldt Association.

The thirty-first semi-annual meeting of the Humboldt Association of Congregational churches was held in the Congregational church in Hydesville, November 8th and 9th.

There was a larger atendance of delegates than usual and a deep and increasing interest manifested throughout.

The reports of the churches were such as to inspire all with greater hope. The work of the county has not suffered and many of the churches have gained much in numbers, in spirituality, and in fellowship. Four new members were voted into the Association upon Credentials.

The program was interesting and helpful. Rev. W. Gordon preached the associational sermon from text found in Jas. i: 17. Rev. Griffith Griffiths read a paper upon "Self-support for California, Why and Wherefore," which called forth a resolution approving the action of the General Association and pledging the hearty support of the Humboldt churches in the effort to make California self-supporting. Rev. G. A. Jasper gave an earnest address from the subject, "The Open-Door Church for the Rural Districts." Hs declared that there was a door opening for the church into the fields of the social, intellectual and physical, as well as the spiritual, and she must not neglect to enter and subdue these for Christ.

Rev. W. M. Burkett gave a thorough-going narrative of the General Association.

One of the best papers upon that trying subject, "Tests for Church Membership," which the writer has ever heard, was read by Rev. E. E. Chokurian. It made a profound impression, and by rising vote of the Association Mr. Chokurian was asked to prepare his paper for publication, and forward it to The Pacific. He modestly consented to do so.

Rev. E. J. Singer gave an addess on Friday evening upon the "Work, Objects and Needs of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society." He asked that visiting delegates assist him with information as to new openings. An itinerary was arranged for him before the Association closed and he is a present touring the county looking for the neglected places where seed can grow if sown.

One of the most gratifying and interesting features of the Association was the Association lunch and dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen opened their spacious parlors and dining-room to the visitors and the ladies of the church prepared a most excellent dinner, showing themselves to be well able and well disposed to minister to the wants of the visiting brethren.

The Association adjourned to meet during the month of April in the First church of Eureka.

R. C. Day, Scribe.

The Emphasis in Missions: Again.

BY W. C. POND.

I regretted exceedingly that imperative duty which could not be postponed deprived me of the privilege of attending the Ministers' Meeting of November 5th and hearing Dr. McLean's account of the meeting of the American Board. But I have ceased to regret it since reading his reply in last week's Pacific to my comments in the issue preceding, upon the report of that account. It is so clear and explicit and every way satisfactory that I am sure that it brought relief to others as well as myself.

That I was not the only one troubled at the reported change of "Emphasis" the following words, written to me by one of our most honored and useful pastors, sufficiently indicates: "I want to thank you from my heart for the article in this week's Pacific: 'A Change of Emphasis in Missions.' I was much disturbed when I read the account to which it refers. I am glad that some one who has the ear of the public, as you have, has had the impulsion to call a halt upon this tendency so assuredly asserted of late. I am sure that not a few earnest Christians will be glad to read your words of protest."

I said in my article that the news was "too bad to be true," and that I found myself refusing to believe it "even upon such testimony as that of Dr. McLean." It seems that his testimony is quite the other way. The emphasis is still to be where the great commission puts it." Make disciples of all nations." It is still to be in the gospel message. "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of sins." I may add that I have read with care the report of that meeting as given in the Missionary Herald for November and find there no token of the change of Emphasis, the announcement of which has called forth these remarks. But that there is in Christian circles a trend of thought in that direction is unmistakable. The spirit which minimizes to the utmost the supernatural in Christianity will easily come to undervalue conversion; to look askance upon regeneration as the supernatural impartation of new life in human hearts, and will endeavor to account for progress in the past. and to find grounds for hope of progress in the future along the line of a supposed natural evolution. Thus the Outlook in its comments on the call of Professor Cummings to the pulpit just vacated by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, says: "The fact that such a church invites to its pastorate one who is widely and well

known by his successful work in sociology is an indication of that tendency in our time, confined to no denomination, to put emphasis upon the social aspect of Christianity, to regard are mission of Jesus Christ not as the salvation of individuals, few or many, from a lost world, but the salvation of the world itself by the establishment of a new social order based on Christian principles and inspired by a Christian spirit."

If I had read that in the Christian Register, it would not have stirred me. It is what I should expect to find in the organ of Unitarianism. It is what might have been found there at any time during a half-century past. But to read it in an editorial of the Outlook, which, while representing advanced thought, so-called, has stood clearly and strongly for Jesus as a Savior when others saw in him only a teacher and example—this was a painful surprise.

No missionary effort that amounted to anything was ever started for "the establishment of a new social order," no matter how garnished in conception by supposed "Christian principles" at its foundation or Christian spirit as its inspiration. The only way in which such a social order has ever been even partially realized anywhere on earth is by the preaching of Jesus as the Savior of them that believe in him, and thus, through new spiritual, Christly life imparted to men one by one, providing a basis on which such an order can stand, or rather living fountains of true sentiment and right purpose from which social order can flow. And so with reference to the welfare of our fellow-men, both in the life that now is and in that which is to come, I repeat, humbly but earnestly, the call that I ventured to sound two weeks ago for renewed earnestness and increasing importunity in our cry to God for a general and powerful outpouring of his convicting, converting, life-giving Spirit.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

On the 24th instant at Ashland the day was notable for flurries of snow at frequent intervals, all melting as fast as it came down. The mountains all around were covered, however. The next morning the depth of snow was four inches, and the following morning eight inches, with a distinct chill—just at freezing point—in the air, which reminded one of experiences back in "the States." The area of snowfall extended but a few miles north of Ashland. At that point the altitude is something near 2,000 feet. Three days later the snow had practically disappeared, and the climate resumed its normal condition. In the Williamette valley the snowfall was much lighter, althought the temperature was as low as 19 degrees above zero. Farther north, in British Columbia, the storm was quite severe, at Victoria the loss of property by the snowfall being estimated at $20,000.

Ashland has ten churches, all, with the possible exception of two, receiving missionary aid. The church of our order is rapidly coming to the front, and the prospects are good for its reaching self-support within perhaps two years. This certainly would be true, providing the ratio of growth and influence for the last year be kept. Pastor Nelson is the embodiment of energy, and the spirit manifested by him and by the church members in general is such that people are attracted to the services. A Sunday-school is maintained at Bellevue, three miles south of Ashland, and a preaching service is held there every Sunday afternoon by Mr. Nelson.

Ashland is an excellent school town. There is a high school, two grammar schools and a state normal school, the teaching force of all being of the best. One of the grammar school buildings is a handsome brick structure which would do credit to any city. The other buildings are wooden, but well equipped with educational facilities. The school population is increasing to such an extent that another building is needed, and probably will be supplied within a year.

The Southern Oregon Chautauqua Association is an important addition to Ashland's educational facilities. A beautiful grove of eight and a half acres, with a swiftly flowing mountain stream running through it, and a well-constructed tabernacle capable of holding 1,200 persons—a property, all told, easily worth $5,000—comprise its possessions. Each annual meeting is arranged so as to be in line with the other Associations of the coast, and hence has the benefit of the same talent. The Association was organized in 1892, and held its eight meetings for ten days during the middle of July.

The population of Ashland at present is propably 3,800, and it has a healthy growth. Fully 150 new houses have been built in the last twelve months, with a number of others in prospect, and yet the demand is greater than the supply. In this growth there is nothing of the speculative or boom elements, so pernicious to the welfare of cities and towns; but a healthy, normal growth, justified by natural business conditions. The payroll of railroad employees amounts to over $10,000 per month; the mine owners within a radius of five miles pay out wages amounting to $50,000 per year, and stock owners making their headquarters here receive probably not less than $100,000 per year from their sales of sheep, cattle and horses. Hence, it may be seen that Ashland is in a position to command a good

deal of trade; and this, with an excellent climate, beautiful and picturesque surroundings, good church privileges and fine advantages for getting an education, make it a most desirable place to live.

Jacksonville, Nov. 26, 1900.

Inland Empire Letter.

Evangelist Oliver from Chicago, a graduate of the Moody Institute, is conducting a series of meetings in the First M. E. church of Spokane. He is a comparatively young man and has done some good work in Salt Lake, Utah, and other places. In physical power and mental endowment he is above the average traveling evangelist. He is also courageous and fearless and does not hesitate to arraign iniquity in a bold manner, that excites opposition. He believes in hurling the thunderbolts of Sinai at the people, but does not leave the impression on many that he is quite as much of an expert in preaching the gospel of love.

He lacks the breadth and charity necessary to lead in an united effort. His wholesale condemnation of the officials of Spokane has caused quite a stir, and some of the ministers have disapproved of what they deem extravagant insinuations. Whether we believe Spokane to be the worst city in the country—as Oliver states—or not, it is certain that it needs stirring up, and a shaking to its very foundations. And is not this true of all our cities?

A fellowship meeting was held at the Tekoa church Friday afternoon and evening of last week. Rev. H. C. Mason of Pullman, Rev. H. M. Painter of Rosalia and Rev. T. W. Walters and Rev. H. P. James of Colfax were present. The principal object of the meeting was to suggest ideas on the improvement of church work. All the addresses were excellent in their practical bearing on the work of the church.

In the afternoon the subjects treated were: "True Witness Bearing," Rev. H. P. James; "Making the Best of One Another," Rev. H. M. Painter; "Lack of Workers," Rev. T. W. Walters. In the evening: "Christian Stewardship," Rev. H. C. Mason; "Church Attendance," Rev. H. P. James; "Enthusiasm," Rev. T. W. Walters.

Rev. J. D. Jones of Dayton reports progress in all departments of church work.

The county election in Shoshone county, Idaho, was one of great importance. It was a struggle between the law-abiding and lawless element, and it was considered by many that the result of the election was to decide whether a reign of terror or otherwise was to prevail. Although the county, as well as the state, went strongly Democratic or fusion, a sufficient number of the right men were elected to guarantee the continuation of the present condition of tranquillity. The most important officers—sheriff, attorney, probate judge and commissioner—were elected by the better element.

The two men that were killed by Deputy Adams at Gem were doubtless dangerous men and leaders in the troubles of past years.

Rev. J. Edwards is beginning to get hold of the work at Wardner and Kellog. The congregations at the latter place are invariably large, sometimes more than the building can accommodate, and the large majority young men. A Ladies' Aid Society has been organized and plans are in operation to have a bazaar and supper on Christmas week. Mr. Edwards is planning to have a reading room over the church and magazines will be thankfully received. There is no place for the young men to go to but the saloons and dance halls.

A Few Words with Pacific Coast Congregationalists.

Dear Brethren: The good name and integrity of our denomination seem to me to be in fearful peril! The assaults upon the Bible and upon our time-honored confessions of faith by the self-called "higher critics" have for a number of years past been bold, and I may say even to impudence, and persistent. Books have been written, sermons preached and articles written, openly advocating Unitarianism, Universalism and absolute infidelity as regards important portions of the Bible; and that, too, by theological professors and ministers of high standing in Congregational pulpits! So bold and outspoken have they been, as apparently to defy discipline or reproof from the conservative portion of the church. Step by step these heresies have advanced, and our associations and religious leaders have almost universally kept silent, until now the question is being widely asked, "What do Congregationalists believe, anyway?" "Do they ever discipline men, and cast them out of their ministry, for open assaults on their fundamental doctrines—or even absolute apostasy?" For one, I am ashamed of this want of discipline and lack of nerve and backbone in defense of God's Word. I am shocked at this apathy.

But there is a case in point I wish to lay before the brethren which is only a culmination of these assaults. I hope the Editor of The Pacific will publish it, and let the brethren criticise me *ad libitum*. The case is this:

Several months ago Rev. Levi L. Paine, D.D., Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Bangor Theological Seminary, published a book entitled "The Evolution of Trinitarianism." In

that book he utterly denies the Trinity; the divinity of Christ; denies the inspiration of the Scriptures; repudiates all the accounts of miracles in the Bible; claims that human reason is man's only guide! Of course, the Bible is, in his belief, the biggest book of lies extant. Thomas Paine—his namesake—never went farther than this. Now, this is a minister in high standing—a D.D., a theological professor! What has been done with him? Not a thing! The trustees of the seminary have taken no action; he still draws his salary from the Waldo professorship. The faculty have done nothing; one of the professors writes me "he still occupies his chair." Long after his book came out, the General Association of which he is a member met—but passed no resolutions regarding his apostasy, appointed no committee to look into the matter; simply passed it over in silence. One of the most eminent ministers of Maine writes me that he cannot say whether any action will yet be taken, and that the apathy is so great that only the strong protests of the churches will stir up to do their duty, the parties especially responsible.

Calmly this bold apostate and denier of the Lord that bought us, looks out from his chair, and like the infamous Tweed—the great New York thief—seems to say, "What are you going to do about it?" Brethren, what answer shall we give? If they won't speak out in the East, let us do so in the West. Let us show ourselves men—yes, and Christians, too, and, as commanded by the Lord, "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." And if we don't, God will contend with us.

Allow me to go a little further in the exhibit of the dishonor—not to say treachery—involved in this case. The man doubtless entered the Congregational church professing belief in its doctrines and faith in its Savior. Now that he repudiates both, what right has he to stay there? Does not common honesty require him to step down and out?

He entered the Congregational ministry professing belief in the Bible, and a divine call to preach the gospel. The brethren ordained him, took him into their confidence and commended him to the churches, as devout and sound in the faith. Now that he is neither, what room is there for him in their ranks, or in our pulpits? Shall he stay there till pushed out?

In like manner he was elected a teacher in the theological seminary, and had given for his support the income from the Waldo fund. Can he rightfully draw from it, now that he spurns the doctrines it was given to teach and defend? Can he do it and be honest and manly?

Can the trustees be true to their trust, and allow the money put into their hands to be used to support an infidel?

And what is the local church doing, of which he is probably a member, in that he is not brought to trial and his name erased?

A high official in the Maine General Association writes me that his name still stands in their roll of members as one of their accredited ministers—a D.D., "in good and regular standing. Can this be tolerated and the Association be guiltless before God? Alas! our want of orthodoxy, of backbone, and lack of courage! *S. Bristol.*

Montalvo, Cal., Nov. 20, 1900.

The Bag Bed.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

"Just one more story, Uncle Frank," begged Beth; "something about when you were in Alaska."

Uncle Frank deliberately took out his watch.

"I—I'm afraid it's time somebody I know was in bed," and he looked mischievously into Beth's dark blue eyes. "And a bed, too, more elaborate than one I had mountain climbing," he added.

Beth knew by Uncle Frank's twinkle that he was going to tell something interesting, if it wasn't a story.

"Was it one that folded up against the wall like those they had when grandpa was a boy?" asked Beth, curiously.

"No; 'twas one I carried on my back, and it buttoned up!"

Beth looked incredulous at the idea of a "buttoned up" bed.

"Yes"; continued Uncle Frank, amused at Beth's mysterious expression. "'Twas made of skin like a bag, lined with very warm wool, with a flap that contained an air-hole in it. This we could unbutton whenever we wanted to go to bed. We had to crawl in feet first. Then we would button it up and sleep like a log until morning. And I guess we looked more like a log than anything else, in our queer, round beds."

"My! I'd like to have one to sleep in," exclaimed Beth.

"Well, you'd need one if you were on a snow-covered mountain, where the wind blew a gale for hours at a time. A tent would hardly stand such a blast for a moment, but in our big bag beds one was safe and snug as you'll be in just ten minutes. Good night!"

And Beth ran up the stairs to dream of the queer little beds so often used on the Alaska mountains.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

No Need of Economy.—"You must keep your mouth closed while you are in the water, Bessie," said the nurse, as she was giving the little one her morning bath. "If you don't, you'll swallow some of it." "Well, what if I do?" queried Bessie. "There is plenty more in the pipes, isn't there?"—Chicago News.

Mr. Jones introduces a single-breastcoat gentleman to a bank-teller, that he may have a check cashed. Civil Teller (who wishes to know whether the stranger wants small bills or large): "What denomination, sir?" Single-breast (with dignity): "The Protestant Episcopal Church."

F. C. Cobden was already famous as a bowler in the Eton and Harrow match in 1866. "Is your Cobden in any way related to the great Cobden?" asked a visitor of a little Harrow boy. "Why, he is that great Cobden!" was the prompt and wondering reply.—Cambridge Tribune.

Prof. Sedgwick, looking over moral science papers, complained to one of his co-examiners of the difficulty he felt in correctly marking a candidate's summary of Hegelianism; "for, though the lad has certainly succeeded in writing nonsense, I don't feel that it's the proper nonsense."

The late Prof. Henry Sidgwick was describing to a friend a dispute at an academic council meeting, wherein the present Bishop Browne of Bristol had been rather rudely treated. His friend asked, "And did Browne lose his temper?" Replied Sidgwick: "No, but he kept it very obviously!"

Judge: "You hit the plaintiff with a chunk of coal, and your conduct presents not one extenuating circumstance." Defendant: "Beg pahdon, sah, jes' one, sah. It was soft coal, sah."—Chicago News.

Miss Partingtone: "Do you know those two lovely poems—is the name of 'em? Oh! Shelley's "Sky-light' and Celia Thaxter's 'Little Sand-paper and I.'"

"What are you going to call your new office building?" "I think

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Sunshine and fresh air make cheerful homes, and, combined with wholesome food, pure water, and cleanliness of the body, make cheerful people, and cheerfulness inspires activity, like the sparkling brook, as it glides so gracefully over its pebbly bed, proving a blessing to everything within its reach, and making living objects happier for having passed that way.

Maude: "Do you think this hat makes me look older?"

Clara: "Of course not, dear. I don't see how it possibly could."

He that will speak well must first learn to be silent; for to talk much is not eloquence, but prating. He who desires to command well must first learn to obey; since it is impossible that he should be a good ruler over others, who knows not how to be subject and obedient to God.—[Lutheran.

He who conquers his natural defects and transforms them into strength of character is a true hero.

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ooo trillion pounds, but not even those that "want the earth" are likely to object on that account.

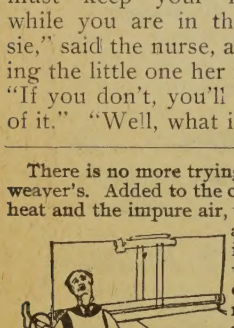
The new minister has a decidedly slow delivery. "Mamma," exclaimed Beth, after the service, "I wish they'd sent us a higher-geared preacher.—Judge.

Your lodge is a fine institution, and deserves your support, but it can not take the place of your Church.

"If I say," said the teacher, "'the pupil loves his teacher,' what sort of a sentence is that?"

"Ironical," said the boy.

There is no more trying work than the weaver's. Added to the confinement, the heat and the impure air, there is often an amount of physical exertion which seems incredible. In the manufacture of plush, for example, those who cut the pile have to walk about thirty miles a day. And with every step of that thirty miles they breathe in vitiated air filled with particles of dust, poisonous coloring matter and other substances, irritating to the throat and lungs. It is no wonder that so many mill hands have an obstinate cough or that so many of them die of "lung trouble."



It is to operatives whose work makes them peculiarly liable to lung disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as a priceless boon. It positively cures deep seated and obstinate coughs, bronchial affections, bleeding of the lungs, and other diseases which if neglected lead to consumption.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room, without pains in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and five vials of 'Pellets.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can *run* with more ease than I could formerly *walk*."

You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge. He will carefully consider your condition, and write you fully, giving you familiar, fatherly advice as well as medical direction. Your letter will be held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

il call it the 'Serial,' on account of s continued stories."

"What would you do if you ıould see a $5 bill blowing around ıe corner?" "Make a *dash* after it, course!"

Fourteen thousand dollars' orth of eggs in one carload seems ke a large story, yet that was what load was valued at that lately left pringfield, Mo., to go to San rancisco. They were evaporated ggs, put up in one-pound tin cans ith screw tops. It takes about ur dozen to fill one can, and the rocess of evaporating takes about ght hours, yet the factory at pringfield has a capacity of about o cases, or 12,000 dozen eggs a ay. This load was to be put on a eamer bound for the new gold-roducing section on Cape Nome. Iany have been sent to European ountries, and England has placed ıem in her list of hospital supplies. Iany are used in the Klondike ountry, as they can be used for ıy cooking purposes excepting to oil.

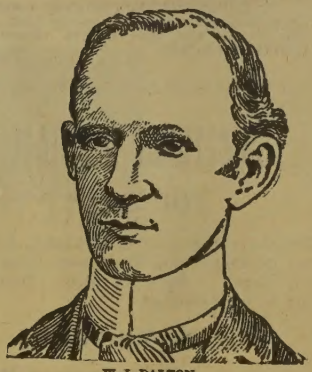
Sleeping Hygiene.

Physicians declare that one-half ıe diseases flesh is heir to are con-acted by sleeping two in a bed. is only too true. There is a oison constantly rising from each ody, which the other inhales. Two ngle beds placed side by side will o away with much of the bad ef-cts, and yet one need not feel that e is really alone.

Away with heavy hangings, eith- above or below the bed.

Beware of a dusty, musty carpet; etter sweetness and a bare floor.

Miraculous Cure



W. J. DALTON.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

"I had been troubled with rheumatism all my life, even when a boy. It attacked me in the legs, arms and shoulders. The pain in the latter was particularly severe. I, of course, took medicine for it, but did not obtain permanent relief. One day about three years ago while reading a newspaper, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and determined to give them a trial. I had taken but three boxes of the pills when the trouble, which had been my affliction from childhood, entirely disappeared.

"About a year later, I had another attack of rheumatism which was brought on by working in a damp place. I remembered well what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had done for me, so I immediately purchased some. Strangely enough just three boxes again cured me, and I have been entirely free from rheumatism ever since. I have told a number of people about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they have taken them with the most beneficial results.

W. J. DALTON,
Secretary Board of Trade,
Wellsburg, N.Y.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50.

Do not fail to provide some means of ventilation during the night.

Keep the head cool while sleeping, but not by a draught of cold air falling upon it.

If a folding-bed must be used, contrive some way to keep it aired and wholesome.

Let the pillow be high enough to bring the head in a natural position—no more or no less.

Thoroughly air the sleeping room every day. Air the beds and bedding as often as possible.

A dark, out-of-the-way, unwholesome corner is no more fitted for a sleeping room than a parlor.

A feather-bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to sleep.—The Inland.

For Sick Headache
Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. H. J. Wells, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It acts like a charm in all cases of sick headache and nervous debility."

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